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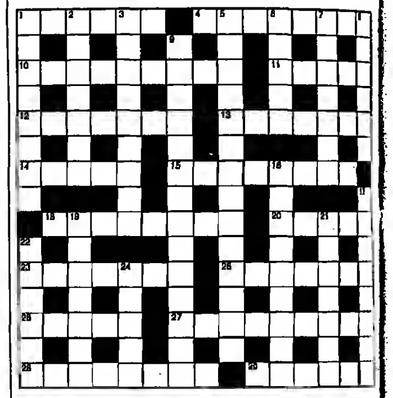
TLS Crossword No 50

A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct solution opened on August 28. Entries should be addressed to *TLS* Crossword, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The winner of Crossword No 49 is Mrs Barbara Britton, 23 Causewayside, Fen Causeway, Cambridge CB3 9HD.



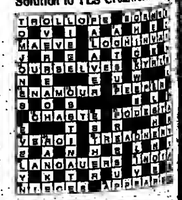
Across

1 Burke's "more strength and far less odium" contains an element of truth. (6)
4 Non-U boat for a stage Irishman. (8)
10 She was real to Edith and Martin. (9)
11 What 27s did to the French letter. (5)
12 Could a quiet pint with the Archbishop lead to clap? (7)
13 Playwright received the French bird. (7)
14 It's made more gamblers than avarice, said Colton. (5)
15 Artless girls appear naked with Dean. (8)
18 Gas soars about Miss Mason's waterway. (8)
20 Mother's from Botha country; uses black form of address. (5)
23 Rural paradise conjured up by rotter in song. (7)
25 Dirty Eastender's her Jamesian fiancé. (7)
26 Where Mozart's goose could enjoy a song in company. (5)
27 A blast you could organize for users of the Victorian chaise-longue. (9)
28 The story of the *Yellowplush* annygoat. (8)
29 Lawrentian cuckold is heard to describe the *TLS*, for example. (6)

Down

1 Old plane in distress – for philosopher. (8)
2 Late rural god, totally uncommunicative. (7)
3 One special payment for getting rid of ammunition. (9)
5 Marlowe's Melba-like farewell. (3,4,7)
6 "through the porch sed — of each sense / Dropt in Ambrosial Oils . . . " (*Comus*). (9)
7 Animal which, said Swinburne, tended to marry a marsh gardener. (7)
8 Poet – but not from Yorkshire. (6)
9 Holmes's début – con owing money? (5,2,7)
16 In aristocratic surroundings Brontë's Miss Laury could get name. (9)
17 The unhusbanded *Messiah* is in, say, a church tiring-room. (8)
19 Record of a Catholic community. (7)
21 Fool in Rhinestones? (7)
22 Hardy's Miss Beecombe, in military measure. (6)
24 Dickensian revealed with the passing of the fourth door key. (5)

Solution to *TLS* Crossword No 49



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TLS

The Times Literary Supplement

FRIDAY 14 AUGUST 1987 No 4,402 UK 90p. USA $1.95

Tom Paulin: Hopkins on the rampage
Japan – the making of a world power
The Parthenon Marbles in and out of context
Roy Strong's Elizabeth I – an image distorted?
Going by the book in a Chinese library
Italo Calvino's 'The Literature Machine'

The Times Literary Supplement

August 14 1987 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

Contents

Cover picture: "Portrait of a Man Wearing a Hat with a Medallion" by Hans Holbein the Younger from the exhibition *Master Drawings: The Woodner Collection* at the Royal Academy until October 25.

On the rampage

Tom Paulin

GERALD ROBERTS (Editor)
Gerard Manley Hopkins: The critical heritage
400pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £27.50.
0710204140

CATHERINE PHILIPS (Editor)
Gerard Manley Hopkins
429pp. Oxford University Press: The Oxford Authors. £17.50 (paperback, £7.95).
0192541900

In May 1884 Coventry Patmore told Robert Bridges that Hopkins's poetry had "the effect of veins of pure gold imbedded in masses of unpracticable quartz". Patmore's criticism is based on an idea of literary decorum which rests on a belief in the class system: the gold of a pure poetic English must be permanently cordoned off from the quartzy masses grunting their rough and worthless dialects. Yet it was from various regional and working-class vernaculars that Hopkins drew his essential melodic inspiration:

> Lancashire – "of all the wind instruments big droom fots me best". – Old Wells directing someone how to set a wedge in a tree told him that if he would put it so and so he would "fat it agate a riving". – The omission *of the* Is I think an extension of the way in which we say "Father", "government" etc: they use it when there is a relative/in order to define. – They say *frac* and *aboon*.

Hopkins's fascination with regional speech shows frequently in the journals and it was this loving egalitarian curiosity which led him to become a contributor to Joseph Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary*.

"Felix Randal" is shaped out of his attentive listening to Lancashire speech, and the gruff line "Ah well, God rest him all round ever he offended" is pitched out from the talk of mill-towns and Pennine villages. Anyone who enjoys the extremes of impulsive affection and vitality in regional speech is bound to notice that Hopkins's inner ear is awash with an infinite and exquisite sense of unique vocal patterns.

The history of the reception of Hopkins's verse shows that while some critics followed Patmore and objected to its "cumulative cacophony", others such as Leavis argued that Hopkins worked always in the spirit of "the living English language". Leavis insisted on Hopkins's central Englishness and although this accords with the poet's feisty patriotism ("a great work by an Englishman is like a great battle won by England", he remarked canonically to Bridges), it distorts the accepted notion of centrality. We no more expect Matthew Arnold to address us in a Lancashire accent than we imagine an actor playing Louis XIV speaking like Billy Connolly – the needs of a centralized State and expanding imperial markets dictate a single, monolithic ruling voice and a language drained of natural stress patterns. And for all its displays of patriotic muscle, Hopkins's language issues from the ranks, not from the officer class. That language nips out of slums, backstreets, building sites, workshops and the "shoor plod" of rural drudgery.

Hopkins listened intently to demotic speech in Liverpool, Glasgow, Lancashire mill-towns, Wales, Dublin – by converting to Catholicism he made himself marginal to the power structure in Britain and merged his imagination with the proletariat's experience. His Catholic faith removed him from the self-defining solitudes of Protestant individualism and gave him a sense of solidarity with communal suffering. By rejecting his "national old Egyptian reed" – ie, Anglicanism – he came to sympathize with the deprivations of powerless working-people:

> My Liverpool and Glasgow experience laid upon my mind a conviction, a truly crushing conviction, of the misery of town life to the poor and more than to the poor, of the misery of poor in general, of the degradation even of our race, of the holiowness of this century's civilisation: it made even life a burden to me to have daily thrust upon me the things I saw.

This conviction of immiserated poverty and the wild push of a popular revolutionary energy straining against the hegemony of Victorian English give Hopkins's poems their pouring, pelting, "all in a rush" quality of hectic movement.

Despite his many reactionary outbursts, Hopkins cannot simply be classed as a conservative writer – like Dostoevsky he is forever plunging his imagination into the destructive currents within the social moment. His imagination is drenched in the "rash smart sloggering brine" – his image for history in that great Counter-Reformation poem, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, where he draws on atavistic memories of the Thirty Years War in order to imagine a future Catholic victory over Protestantism. Thus Death's jocose drum-speech which opens the second part of the poem builds an image that resembles a seventeenth-century German woodcut and this military imagery is superimposed on a vision of the "wrecking" process which Hopkins, like Conrad, saw as central to nineteenth-century "civilization" – Bismarck's Germany and Victorian England especially. The link is made in Hopkins's remark to Bridges that English civilization "is in great measure founded on wrecking". His poem is a vision of imminent social catastrophe and in his famous "Red" letter to Bridges he justifies the working class's wish to "wreck and burn" a civilization founded on wrecking: "I am afraid some great revolution is not far off", he tells Bridges. "Horrible to say, in a manner I am a Communist."

If we accept that there is a link between the analytic political anxiety of the letters and Hopkins's poetry, then we can detect a revolutionary intoxication, an expressionist whap of pure energy, in the opening lines of "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection":

> Cloud-puffball, torn tufts, tossed pillows / flaunt forth, then chevy on an air-
> built thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-gangs / they throng; they glitter in marches.
> Down roughcast, down dazzling whitewash, / wherever an elm arches,
> Shivelights and shadowtackle in long / lashes lace, lance, and pair.
> Delightfully the bright wind boisterous / ropes, wrestles, beats earth bare
> Of yesterempest's creases; in pool and rutpeel parches
> Squandering ooze to squeezed / dough, crust, dust; stanches, starches
> Squadroned masks and manmarks / treadmire toil there
> Foottreted in it. Million-tuelèd, / nature's bonfire burns on.

Hopkins wrote these lines in Co Dublin in late July 1888 and rather like a Jack Yeats painting they enact the rainfresh swim of wind-driven Irish light (significantly the elmy shivolights play a Nash-like English light against the vernacular Irish whitewash). The crowded sense of consciousness expanding and some Miltonic echoes of the civil war in heaven – those gangs of roysterers are drunk like the sons of Belial – give a social edge and pressure to what is ostensibly a nature poem that modulates suddenly into an apocalyptic vision.

This rushed texture may have been prompted by the fact that Hopkins was writing in the aftermath of a particularly stressful moment in Anglo-Irish relations – the crisis of 1886–7 to which he responded with passionate sensitivity in his letters to Bridges. The tearing light and airy cavalry battalions in the poem enact the pressures of political crisis. No wonder, then, that the next poem Hopkins wrote was the rigidly metrical and sternly patriotic marching-song "What shall I do for the land that bred me". His disconfiting exposure to Irish nationalism understandably provoked him to express his deep-felt English nationalism.

Hopkins's acute political observation shows in those remarks which he made to Bridges more than a year before he wrote both poems:

> Yesterday Archbishop Walsh had a letter in the *Freeman* enclosing a subscription to the defence of Dillon and the other prisoners on trial for preaching the Plan of Campaign and saying that the jury was packed and a fair trial impossible. The latter was his contribution to the cause of concord and civil order. Today Archbp. Croke has one proposing to pay no taxes. One archbishop backs robbery, the other rebellion; the people in good faith believe and will follow them. You will see, it is the beginning of the end: Home Rule or separation is near.

Hopkins is living the social crisis of impending Home Rule or separation in "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire", though in suggesting this I am conscious that such a reading flies in the face of the apolitical consensus his critics share.

Four months later, in July 1887, Hopkins implored Bridges to influence people in England in order to bring them "to a just mind and a proper resolution about Ireland". This letter anticipates the stormy hurrying light of "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire" and we need to read the poem with this passage vividly in mind:

> recognize with me that with an unwavering will, or at least a flood of passion, on one, the Irish, side and a wavering one or indifference on the other, the English, and the Grand Old Mischiefmaker loose, like the Devil, for a little while and meddling and marring all the fiercer for his hurry. Home Rule is in fact likely to come and even, in spite of the crime, slander, and folly with which its advance is attended, may perhaps in itself be a measure of a sort of equity and, considering that worse might be, of a kind of prudence.

The Grand Old Mischiefmaker is Gladstone and the imagery of heavenly havoc in the poem echoes Hopkins's view of him as a devilish and impetuous Home Ruler, all wind and wild light. Both the poem and the letter rework Milton's parliament of fallen angels with its "sound of blustering winds" and this enables Hopkins to give a new shimmer to the idea of political flux. The Heraclitean fire is a

metaphor for intense social crisis and it is unfortunate that an obsessive critical attention to Hopkins's aesthetic theories has dulled the readers' sense of cutting political edge of his imagination. Like Milton, the poet he most strongly identified with, Hopkins is the victim of an ahistorical literary criticism.

Although he detested Gladstone, Hopkins's imagination responds enthusiastically to those mass emotions which made Gladstone the great popular leader of the age. At times his response shows in a type of democratic or populist exoticism which has close affinities with Whitman's gay imagination, and he acknowledged this when he told Bridges "I always knew in my heart Walt Whitman's mind to be more like my own that any other man's living." He praised the "savagery" of Whitman's art and said his rhythm resembled his own verse in its "last ruggedness and decomposition into common prose". Like Whitman, he was devoted to raw, common speech and such devotion necessarily expresses a wide social viewpoint which regards unpracticable quartz as being real gold, mined and minted by the people. This love of what Hopkins termed "tykishness" shows in an exchange of letters with Patmore where Hopkins corrects Patmore's misunderstanding of a remark he once made to the effect that Palmore the poet had less of the "tyke" in him than any man he knew:

> As there is something of the "old Adam" in all but the holiest men and in them at least enough to make them understand it in others, so there is an old Adam of barbarism, boyishness, wildness, inwness, rankness, the disreputable, the unrefined in the refined and educated. It is that that I meant by tykishness (a tyke is a stray sly unowned dog) and said you have none of; and I did also think that you were without all sympathy for it and must survey it when you met with it wholly from without. Ancient Pistol is the typical tyke, he and all his crew are tykes, and the tykish element undergoing dilution in Falstaff and Prince Hal appears to vanish, but of course really exists, in Henry V as king.

Tactfully Hopkins remarks: "I thought it was well to have ever so little of it", and he concludes by praising Palmore's unrefined habit of smoking heavily because "to know one yields to a vice must help to humanise and make tolerant".

Hopkins's analysis of "tykishness" is a justification of his own poetic – according to the *OED* a "tyke" is also a low-bred hound and for all its sophisticated discipline Hopkins's verse aims often at a blurting boorishness and lack of refinement. We can detect in his fascinated definition of the word a revealing delight in a particular kind of yobbo populism and muscular brutality. It's as if deep down he wishes he were out on the rampage, like a crowd of Liverpool supporters or an SAS unit. His imagination pushes towards that condition of absolute war which Clausewitz defined as the blind explosion of force untrammelled by ideas.

If Hopkins resembles Kipling in his love of military muscle, he may also be seen as the English equivalent of Hugh MacDiarmid – both are provocative, unsettling poets whose synthetic demotic boats against a normative language of social control. Yet for all their polemical urgency they share a deep imaginative totalitarianism – MacDiarmid's praise of Lenin, Hopkins's creation of that hero of labour, Harry Ploughman, reveal a self-abasing admiration for rigid order. Their imaginations share a risky, over-the-top extremism and a studied rejection of conventional notions of poetic taste.

Gerald Roberts's anthology of early Hopkins criticism is essential reading, though it is curious to notice that more than fifty years back only the young Elsie Duncan-Jones was disturbed by Hopkins's sometimes brutal erotic cism – an aggressive attitude which helps produce those moments of deliberate bad taste in the verse. There are precedents in baroque art which might be cited in justification of the orgasmic stanza (28) in *The Wreck of the Deutschland* where Hopkins makes the full nun's death resemble a combination of sexual intercourse and a cavalry charge: "Let him ride, her pride, in his triumph, despatch and have done with his doom there". Perhaps future critics will pay more attention to the element of camp baroque in Hopkins's art?

Future readers, though, will have problems with Catherine Phillips's new edition of the poems: it is a fussy and distracting text which ought not to replace Gardner and MacKenzie's fourth edition. Phillips's stated editorial practice is to adopt for text "the version which I believe to be that last written". As a result, many of the poems are pestered with metrical marks most of which Gardner and MacKenzie wisely relegated to the excellent and much fuller notes in their edition. Implying that she would have preferred to print the whole agonized gamut of curlicues, ties, outrides and double stresses, Phillips vulnerably remarks that "cost and editorial opinion" at Oxford University Press have restricted metrical marks in the text to simple stresses. Clearly there was some disagreement and the result is a botched compromise between minimal stress marks and the full range of markings. For the reader who is familiar with Gardner and MacKenzie's texts Phillips's over-marked replacements can grate on the aural vision. Also, the editorial technique of signalling note references with a balloon-like degree sign is distracting and unnecessary. The poems appear to be set in a field of pikes and soap bubbles.

Phillips's decision to choose the latest manuscript versions forces her to reject the A^1 text of "The Handsome Heart":

> "But tell me, child, your choice; what shall I buy
> You?" – "Father, what you buy me I like best."
> With the sweetest air that said, still plied and pressed,
>
> He swung to his first poised purport of reply.
>
> What the heart is! which, like carriers let fly –
> Doff darkness, homing nature knows the rest –
> To its own fine function, wild and self-instressed,
> Falls light as ten years long taught how to and why.
>
> Monnerly-hearted! more than handsome face –
> Beauty's bearing or muse of nurturing vein,
> All, in this case, hathed in high hallowing grace . . .
>
> Of heaven what boon to buy you, boy, or gain
> Not granted? – Only . . . O on that path you pace
> Run all your race, O brace sterner that strain!

This was the version chosen by Bridges, and Phillips rightly calls it "more lively"; however, she shunts it into the notes at the back of her edition and instead prints the B version:

"But tell me, child, your choice, | your fancy: what to buy
You?" – "Father, what you buy me | I shall like the best".
With the sweetest earnest air | his purport, once expressed,
Ever he swung to, push | what plea I might and ply°
Him. Ah, What the heart is! | Like carriers let fly–°
Doff darkness: homing nature, | nature knows the rest –°
Heart to its own fine function, | wild and self-instressed,°
Falls as light as, life-long | schooled to what and why.

Heart mannerly | is more than handsome face,°
Beauty's bearing or | muse of mourning vein;
And what when, as in this case, | bathed in high hallowing grace? –

Of heaven then what boon | to buy you, buy, or gain°
Not granted? None but this, | all your road your race°
To match and more than match | its sweet foretastalling strain.

Phillips justifies her decision to print this stonewalling, inchoate wreck of a fine sonnet by arguing that in 1883-4 Hopkins cancelled Bridges's composite of the earlier versions. Bridges felt that B had none of the "charm and freshness" of A[1] but his tender editorial care is spurned in the new edition.

Although minimal stress markings do create a more accessible text, Hopkins's intervention-ist scansion sometimes helps the ear receive the unique and exact sound he wishes to deliver to his readers. For example, I've been fascinated for the past twenty years by these lines:

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hoors we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!

A hit hangs on that unlaut in the second line – "black hoors" – and to my ear the result is a cavernous protracted Shakespearean guttural that still survives in Ulster speech (Hopkins comments on Ulster pronunciation in a letter to Dixon). He wrote this tragic sonnet in Ireland and he seems to be rubbing his nose in that *ur*-sound like a demented hellfire preacher terrifying his congregation at the thought of eternity and damnation. Phillips annoyingly drops the umlaut and prints: "What hours, O what black hours we have spent." Stripped of that terrible violation the line becomes a bland nine-syllabled nothing – like one of the Binsey poplars its perfect inscape has been silenced.

Hopkins's readers must be grateful to Phillips for printing the poems in chronological order and for including, in this Oxford Authors edition, a good selection from the journals. However, her selection from the letters is inadequate – the "Red" letter is missing and so too is the crucially important letter to A. W. M. Baillie in which Hopkins doubts Tennyson and discovers Parmesian. The ferocious and exacting imagination of the Jesuit poet deserves a more sensitive editor.

Misgiving

He didn't listen enough to music,
only four hours a day,
insufficient to close his wounds.

Instead, he turned injustice to a lyric,
words as vengeance on the cast,
those overpaid and much-imagined faces.

His great Last Period went missing
and nothing was quite right, just like
mad Schumann's Violin Concerto.

An only child, he knew instinctively
they listened to him, the Barbarossas
and Bellinis imprisoned in the womb.

Wanting his dissonance applauded
and his euphony able to raise tears,
he dry-farmed a modicum of silence.

Falling upwards in his gravity
he carried the children to a party,
guessing it would be busted by the cops.

A death preceded him and a life –
Mother and Wife had been preserved
in a wardrobe like two of Christie's girls.

Watching his cat fight for its life
on the X-Ray table, how could he think
his own end would be any easier?

Occasionally it was worth the cost
when a phrase in G Major struck out
and opened up its space to galaxies.

What might be taken was once freely given.
Phrases blew from books and special sounds
were coded for the unsuspecting ear.

So let him play like Timon on the sand
competing in his spite with his own voice
against an ostinato of the sea.

PETER PORTER

A form for emptiness

Robert Wells

DAVID CECIL
A Choice of Bridges's Verse
167pp. Faber. £9.95 (paperback, £4.95).
0571 138446

At the age of thirty-seven Robert Bridges gave up his profession of medicine and retired, as the late Lord David Cecil puts it in the introduction to his new selection of the poems, "to dedicate the rest of his long life to literature". Bridges was a fluent writer. He lived till he was eighty-five, and his *Poetical Works* (even in the edition "excluding the eight dramas and *The Testament of Beauty*") must be reckoned among the more unwieldy relics in the Museum of Literary Palaeontology. Reading him in bulk, it is hard to put out of one's head C. H. Sisson's characterization of him as a poet of "impeccable lack of vitality". Like Swinburne (seven years his senior) he gains greatly in selection, since his better poems are clearly detachable from the rest. Cecil's choice of eighty or so is on the generous side, but it is carefully considered and includes a handful of which Yeats's estimate in his essay prefacing the 1936 *Oxford Book of Modern Verse* still seems persuasive: "words, often commonplace, made unforgettable by some trick of speeding and slowing . . . every metaphor, every thought a commonplace, emptiness everywhere, the whole magnificent".

Cecil arranges the poems in sections according to theme. This method has advantages with Bridges. The variety of his styles, strikingly emphasized by juxtaposition, reveals a surprising resourcefulness and definition in his work. The disadvantage is that the relation of the poems to the course of his life is suppressed. Perhaps the most sustained of Bridges's achievements is a group of seven poems in a mild form of sprung rhythm, written between 1876 and 1880, after Gerard Manley Hopkins had begun to send him his own experiments in the metre and before he had ceased to work as a doctor. Among the group are some of his best-known anthology pieces, "A Passer-by", "On a Dead Child", "The Voice of Nature", and "London Snow", as well as the equally impressive "The Downs" and the sonnet "I would be a bird" – usually immured in the sequence *The Growth of Love* – which takes off from his Euripidean chorus-opening into an arrogantly vivid dream of flight. In these poems Hopkins is the reader over Bridges's shoulder. The slight technical shift, the extra touch of concentration, both in language and power of observation, come from him. In their investigations into poetic technique Hopkins played Holmes to Bridges's Dr Watson. Bridges was fascinated and appalled by his friend's idiosyncratic methods. He recognized the need for innovation but his own orthodoxy went deep and, when left to himself, he set out doggedly along what proved to be false trails – the garrulous "neo-Miltonic syllabics" or unworkably pedantic experiments in quantitative metre which absorbed him in later years.

Bridges always idealized poetry. It was not a place in which to confront experience, unless the experience could be idealized too. For him it represented that clear area which he needed to protect from the soiling effect of the world. Like the "splendid ship" in "A Passer-by" it was "unhailed and nameless". Like the London snow it was an "uncompacted lightness", not yet trodden into "long brown paths". In a couple of discursive poems about his early childhood Bridges escapes his inhibition. "The Summer-house on the Mound" is crowded with engaging detail, recollections of the Duke of Wellington and of Napier's ironclad fleet steaming up the Channel. But the impression persists that there is something at the heart of Bridges's life which he could not (he was too much of a gentleman) acknowledge or find a language for, and which appears in his poetry only as the generalized expression of a melancholy which is soon thrust away. "What led me to poetry", he wrote, "was the inexhaustible satisfaction of form, the magic of speech." Caught between his desire for these and his horror of the personal, he was a maker with nothing, or almost nothing, to say. His true subject, as Yeats implies, is emptiness; and the question which opens the powerful poem "Eros", "Why host thou nothing in thy face?", echoes throughout his work. Wanting distinction without substance, he seeks out commonplaces and attempts to transform them. No poet is more likely than Bridges to say that the sky is blue and the grass green, or to rhyme "hork!" with "lark". The risk is taken and the failure is often palpable. He writes without irony and his diction is unrepentantly late Romantic. Set pieces like "Elegy among the Tombs" and "Elegy on a Lady whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed" are as much of a task to read through now as their titles suggest. But the successes, when they come, can be near-perfect. "The evening darkens over" looks forward to Auden in its light musicality, while in "Nightingales" Bridges takes the most hackneyed of themes and produces, in Keats's shadow, what is justly recognized as his finest poem.

Is Sisson right about Bridges, or is Yeats? A third judgment, that of Geoffrey Grigson, encompasses the other two. He includes Bridges in his list – a distinguished one – of "wobblers", those whose work is marked by "uncertain walk, a declension from the firm, an extension from the given or the gained into 'the contrived'". There is plenty of the contrived in Bridges, much of it of stunning dullness, but an arguable proportion of "the given or the gained" can be found too. In this selection I missed his touchingly plainspoken epigram on old age "Who goes there?", but the only major omission is "The Isle of Achilles", a fable in which his lifelong dream of a paradisal seclusion finds haunting expression. Cecil apparently considered Bridges a great poet. This is exactly what he is not. But he had the ability to produce, very occasionally, verses which enter the memory as soon as heard. His work will continue to attract those in sympathy with his idealizing habit of mind. For others he will probably be a fair-weather friend among poets, a graceful presence but not someone to go to – as Hopkins is – for truth-telling or when in trouble.

Homage and humour

William Scammell

GAVIN EWART
Late Pickings
126pp. Hutchinson. Paperback, £5.95.
0091682517.

"Pickings" is hardly the word. A cornucopia is niggardly in comparison with Gavin Ewart, whose sixth book of poems since the fat *Collected* of 1980 this is. For sheer productivity, he looks set to rival Hardy or Masefield. Critical Caitiffs might as well stay at home, for he is what he always was, and nothing the commentators might dream up is going to deflect him now.

Old age spurs him into many of these new songs, and the deaths of friends and acquaintances, and his irrepressible urge (shared by all besotted readers, I imagine) to scribble parodies and emendations down the margins of literary history. The best of the elegies, perhaps, is that "In Memory of Philip Arthur Larkin, CH, OBE, 1922–85", which offers a judicious mixture of homage and humour ("the Order of Service says that he must suffer / this non-stop non-extinction; any duffer / must likewise live for ever . . ."). Death and imitation come together again in "A Memorial Service in a South London Crematorium", and there is too an excellent parody of Kipling ("Intellectuals and reds that reads me books turns pied / I'm especially vindictive in that Mary Postgate tilell").

The "so-called sonnets" suggest that Ewart would be a good turn on *Any Questions*, or *Any Answers*, or anything. These apart, *Late Pickings* will help us to digest the age as cheerfully as may be.

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An outstanding debt

Mary Lefkowitz

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
The Elgin Marbles: Should they be returned to Greece?
137pp. Chatto and Windus. £12.95.
0701163632

The ancient Athenians would not have been surprised that controversy still continues about the elaborate building programme which they began around 450 BC on their Acropolis. To pay for new structures that would replace the sanctuary destroyed by the Persians in 480, they used the tribute exacted from their allies for protection against future attacks by the Persians. The morality of this decision was questioned at the time, and understood by some as a display of tyrannical behaviour by the city that prided itself on its democracy. But the programme went ahead, creating for the world a disproportionate impression of the stature and wealth of Athens. As the contemporary Athenian historian Thucydides observed, an onlooker might easily conjecture from what he saw that the city was twice as important as it actually was.

The current debate concerns only some of the sculptures that made the buildings so impressive in their day; still more have been lost, including the famous statue of Athena Polias that stood on the Acropolis, and none of the original colouring and gilding remains on what survives. Again, despite their excellence, the Parthenon marbles are not the only examples of fine Greek sculpture from the mid-fifth century; nor are those now in the British Museum the only fine pieces to have been taken from their original sites in Greece to be displayed in Northern European cities. But because they are Athenian, with all that Athens has come to represent, the presence in England of the Elgin marbles has generated bitter controversy.

From the beginning, questions have been raised about both the propriety of keeping them on foreign soil, and the manner in which they were acquired. Even as Lord Elgin's men were hacking the sculptures off the Parthenon with an ordinary saw, there were impassioned protests – though only a few observers, like Lord Byron, concentrated on the central moral issue of whether it was right to take Greek works of art away from Greece. He compared Elgin to the notorious Verres, the Roman governor who in 73 BC ransacked Sicily, and noted that the Greeks themselves (whose opinion few others apparently had sought) felt that Elgin had ruined Athens. Others complained, though usually with less laudable motives. The French would have preferred to get the sculptures for themselves; so would some British travellers who wanted them for their own collections; the Turks who then governed Athens expressed regrets, but only when they saw the Marbles being damaged in the process of removal, or after they had been taken away.

The practice of using ancient sites as quarries, either for treasure or for prefabricated building material, had been established in antiquity. In 146 BC the Roman general Mummius, before razing Corinth – a city more wealthy and important at the time than Athens – took its best art treasures to Rome, while giving the less valuable works to his ally Attalus, King of Pergamum, where they could still be seen three centuries later. The moral code of Christianity brought no improvement: in 325 AD, under the auspices of Constantine, then Emperor of Rome, treasures from all over the Greco-Roman world were brought to adorn his new capital at Byzantium, including (in the hippodrome) the bronze monument dedicated at Delphi by the Greek cities who defeated the Persians at Plataea in 479 BC. Few ancient conquerors expressed concern about the original intentions of the artists or patrons whose works they removed for new purposes of their own.

As governments changed and centres of population shifted, the Parthenon sculptures seem to have remained in place because the building which they adorned remained in use. Although the temple had been put in order to honour both the goddess Athena and the city she protected, from the fifth century AD until 1458 the Parthenon had been used, perhaps not inappropriately, as the *Church* of Holy Wisdom. Then under Ottoman rule it became a mosque for the soldiers garrisoned on the Acropolis, while the temple of Athena and Poseidon known as the Erechtheom was used as a harem for their commander. But the Parthenon was damaged severely and irreparably in 1687, when the Venetians besieged the Turks on the Acropolis: a mortar bomb ignited the gunpowder that had been stored in the mosque, whose roof and ornament had for so many centuries remained intact. More damage and loss occurred during the eighteenth century, when seven slabs of the remaining frieze disappeared; by 1800 only four of the original twelve figures remained on the West Pediment.

The removal, starting in 1802, of most of the remaining sculptures under the auspices of Lord Elgin thus initiated only the third phase in the building's ruin. A fourth phase, no less deadly because unintentional, did not begin until after the Second War, when, as the population of Athens dramatically increased, smog from heating oil and automobile exhausts slowly but inexorably started to turn marble building blocks into gypsum powder.

It was a unique combination of circumstances which enabled Lord Elgin, rather than anyone else, to remove the sculptures that had not been destroyed in the Venetian bombardment. As Ambassador to the Sublime Porte in Constantinople, he had set out initially to bring back drawings and moulds of ancient sculptures; but he was soon, and perhaps too easily, persuaded that he should seek permission to take away any sculptures and inscriptions that happened to have fallen down, to protect them from being misused or destroyed. There was also the possibility that they might make their way into the hands of rivals. The French collector Fauvel, who was in Athens at the time, had been told in 1783 by his employer Count Choiseul-Gouffier, the French ambassador to the Porte: "take everything you can; lose no chance to snatch everything that can be snatched in Athens and vicinity; spare neither the living nor the dead". Since the Turks were at war with France, and counted on the English to help them, Fauvel was only able to obtain a few pieces of sculpture from the Parthenon, which are now in the Louvre.

Against this background, it is not difficult to understand why the Turks allowed Elgin's men to remove sculptures that had not fallen from the building. The military governor of Athens had been liberally rewarded, and they were at the time eager to please the English. If certain officials later protested that Elgin had gone too far, at the time they did nothing to stop him, though they had ample opportunity. The removal of the sculptures began in April, but the first cases did not leave the Piraeus until December 1802. From May 1803 until 1809 forty cases waited in the Piraeus while England was at war with France and then with Turkey. A second set of sculptures (including one Caryatid from the Porch of the Erechtheom) obtained by Elgin's resident artist Lusieri while Elgin was a prisoner of war in France, did not leave Greece until 1810; and a final set of five boxes left only in 1811, this last group accompanied not only by Lusieri but by Lord Byron himself.

Meanwhile, Elgin had realized that he must sell, rather than give the sculptures to the nation, or indeed keep them for use in his own house, as he once had imagined might be possible. But the £35,000 awarded to him in 1816 by Parliament after protracted negotiations barely covered half of what he claimed to have spent. He returned to the House of Lords in 1820, and the following year joined his critic Byron in subscribing to the Philhellenic Committee's support of the Revolutionary Forces in Greece, but eventually he was forced to take refuge from his creditors in France, where he

died in 1841.

The Marbles, it would seem, like the robe and necklace in the myth of Amphiaraus, have brought troubles to all connected with them; first to the Athenians who, after losing the war against Sparta, were never again an important power in Ancient Greece; then to the Turks who were driven out of Athens in the Revolution. Then, as Byron observed in his scathing poem, *The Curse of Minerva*, the goddess's wrath struck Elgin's family, who were ruined financially. The British nation has since kept them on public display, only to be accused of crimes ranging from neglect to imperialism and robbery. Will the troubles stop if they are returned to Greece?

A detailed history of the Marbles was written for the centenary of their acquisition, when the scholarly periodical *The Journal of Hellenic Studies* published a long, carefully documented article by the then Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, A. H. Smith, a relative of the Elgins who had access to family records. The evidence (including family records) was more recently reviewed by William St Clair, in a comprehensive and dispassionate general account, *Lord Elgin and the Marbles* (1967): St Clair praises the "extremely thorough and accurate" work by Smith. There is also an excellent illustrated guide-book by the present Keeper, R. F. Cook.

Now Christopher Hitchens has written yet another account, intended for the general reader, *The Elgin Marbles: Should they be returned to Greece?* The book is prefaced by a brief sympathetic account by Robert Browning, "The Parthenon in History", which does not mention that it was built with money diverted from the Delian League. As an epilogue, there is an interesting account of past and present attempts at restoration, written by Graham Binns, Deputy Chairman of the British Committee for the Restitution of the Elgin Marbles. Attractively illustrated, the book even includes (to elicit the support of American readers?) a photograph of that remarkable structure, the Nashville Parthenon, comfortably sitting in its grassy park.

Since Hitchens is not an archaeologist or a historian, it would be unfair to expect him to offer more than a forceful argument for the Marbles' return. His account, as might be expected, implies that Lord Elgin was little better than a pirate; he dismisses as puritanism the ancient outcry against Pericles' use of the Delian treasury to fund his building programme, an action that if committed nowadays would have raised as much of a public storm as Irangate. He emphasizes the philistinism and amateurism of Elgin and his employees, for which there is no lack of evidence; for example, apparently as the result of overloading, the brig Mentor sank off Kythera with seventeen cases of moulds and sculptures, though these were eventually recovered.

The book makes Elgin's actions appear unique, and therefore more reprehensible, by omitting to set them in their cultural context: after all, many other collectors at the time were eagerly removing whatever Grecian antiquities they could get. The fine archaic pedimental sculptures from the temple of Aphaia in Aegina now in Munich, for example, were bought from their excavators by King Ludwig of Bavaria. Certainly, as an appendix to the book shows, about half of the extant Parthenon sculptures are now in the British Museum; but there are fragments also in Copenhagen, Würzburg, Vienna and Paris (the rest remain in Athens). Hitchens plays down the Turks' apathy by omitting to mention explicitly how long the removals took, and how it might have been possible for them at any time over several years to impound the boxes of sculptures while they were waiting to be shipped from the Piraeus.

Generally, he has little sympathy for Elgin or other members of what he calls the "collecting class", and whenever possible suggests that Elgin and his followers, including all who have since, however ineptly, advocated the Marbles' retention, were motivated by politics or class prejudice. In order to cast doubt on A. H. Smith's objectivity, Hitchens notes that he failed to include this sentence in a quotation from a letter in which Elgin tried to assure Perceval, the Prime Minister, that he had obtained no special favours from the Turks:

And on Mr Adair's being officially instructed to apply in any favour, he understood, "The Porte denied that the persons who had sold those marbles to me had any right to dispose of them".

This, Hitchens claims, reveals that Elgin admitted that he knew he had acquired the Marbles without permission. But one could equally well argue that Smith omitted this sentence simply because it provides only hearsay evidence for what he already had shown: how the Porte (like the magistrates in his service in Athens) was always ready after the fact to deny what it had done.

If no significant new ethical or factual reasons can be produced, why consider returning the Marbles at the present time? The best

Hellenistic copy of the Diadumenus (athlete binding on the fillet of victory) by Polyclitus, one of several sculptures of the second century BC recovered from a private house on Delos, and testifying to the beginnings of art-collecting.

reason, as Christopher Hitchens and his colleagues suggest, is the possibility (not to be realized until 1996) that the Greek Archaeological Service could eventually house them in a new museum near the Acropolis, where they would be as well or better displayed than at present. But such an arrangement would merely transfer the sculptures from one museum to another. Onlookers would still need to transfer them in imagination to their original setting. Because of the stifling cloud of smog that hangs over modern Athens, we cannot hope that the sculptures will be able to "breathe" again on Attic soil, or to be seen in the dazzling light for which they were designed.

What, then, would be gained by their return? From the point of view of the art historian, relatively little, even assuming that all the extant fragments of Parthenon sculptures from all museums, not just the Elgin Marbles, could be returned; though it is true that if all the evidence for the Acropolis site were collected in one place, we could more easily grasp their theme – how the sculptures from both the present Parthenon and its destroyed predecessor show the triumph of order over chaos. Education of this sort, rather than simple cultural nationalism, offers the best motive for restoring to Greece the Elgin Marbles. The problem lies, notoriously, in separating this motive from arguments for returning all other unique works of art, like the pedimental sculptures from the temple of Aphaia now in Munich, the Winged Victory of Samothrace now in the Louvre, not to mention some of the magnificent vases that were originally made in Greece but exported even in antiquity to the Western Mediterranean. For if what is at stake is education, every one of these treasures, whenever they were removed from Greek soil, and however far from their roots they have travelled, have for more than two millennia been representing ancient Greek civilization to the rest of us; without them, our art and architecture would have been less significant, and Western Europe would be less aware of our lasting debt to the ancient Greeks.

Gifts of the sultan

Godfrey Goodwin

CENGIZ KÖSEOGLU
Topkapı: The treasury
Translated and edited by J. M. Rogers
215pp. Thames and Hudson. £70.
0500014124

The Topkapı Saray collection was never a static one, and some of it was kept in subsidiary depots in Ottoman times. Many pieces were the gifts of heads of state and others were intended to be gifts from the sultan, as, for example, those made for Nadir Shah who was assassinated before they could be delivered. So nearly half the items illustrated in this third volume of five on aspects of the Topkapı Saray and its collections are European, Indian or Chinese in origin although embellished in Istanbul. The 124 plates present a selection of the better-known treasures which are displayed in the magnificent pavilion originally built for Mehmed II. Individual gems are the potentates of the collection; cabochon emeralds and rubies have modulated depths of colour that no faceted stone, with superficial fire masking the inward glow, can match.

The collection was built up haphazardly. No registers were kept until the discovery in 1680 of pilferage by a deceased grand vizier. Sadly, most early items have disappeared, dispersed as gifts or melted down. Before the nineteenth century, therefore, it does not reflect the personal tastes of the sultans. Although Süleyman the Magnificent grew powerful enough to disdain tradition, the cult of royalty required that objects handled by the sultan should be studded with gems, including his turban (and sometimes even his beard). This is why the collection leaves an overwhelming impression of the barbaric opulence which hedges kings, Asian and European alike.

The notes to the plates and the text sustain the high standard of scholarship set by the earlier volumes and justify the care lavished on photographing both masterpieces and baubles such as the insignia of the order of King Carol of Romania.

Sections cover the history of the Treasury, its additions and subtractions, and its documentation. Research into the identity and provenance of anonymous Ottoman craftsmen and their techniques has proved to be invaluable. The travels of the arm of John the Baptist and other Christian relics are wittily described. The discussion of Chronomanis amusingly illustrates how the Ottomans continued the Byzantine court's delight in automata. Even if the gold peacock studded with emeralds listed in 1680 no longer exists, there are toys from Fabergé's workshop. The case of an Augsburg clock cresting the baldaquin of Ahmed I's throne is a delight; it is a nicely Ottoman touch that, though the entrails were discarded, nothing was wasted.

Provincial painterly

Cyril Mango

DOULA MOURIKI
The Mosaics of Nea Moni on Chios
Translated by Richard Burgi
Two volumes, 280pp; 119 colour and 124 black-and-white plates. Athens: Commercial Bank of Greece.

The monasteries of Hosios Loukas, Nea Moni and Daphni contain the three great mosaic ensembles of medieval Greece. Of the three, only Nea Moni is adequately documented: built and decorated c1050–55, it was a foundation of the jovial Emperor Constantine IX Monomachos and one that continued to enjoy imperial support and liberality for the next three hundred years. Nothing is known for certain about the circumstances of construction or the exact date of Hosios Loukas and Daphni, although scholarly opinion is fairly unanimous in placing the former in the first half of the eleventh century and the latter towards its close.

Nea Moni offers, therefore, a convenient starting-point for the study of its "sister" monuments and, indeed, of Byzantine monumental painting in one of its greatest periods. The mosaics in question, partly destroyed by the earthquake of 1881, have been known to scholars for nearly a hundred years, but this is the first time that they have been published and discussed in full following Charalampos Bouras's earlier book on the architecture of Nea Moni (English edition 1982). Doula Mouriki has done an outstanding job. She has written a detailed description not neglecting technical data (the latter in collaboration with Ernest Hawkins) and including a thorough discussion of iconography and style. In short, she has provided all the elements for an assessment of Nea Moni both in itself and in a broader context.

At the end of her meticulous analysis Professor Mouriki comes to postulate three successive styles of painting that were current in eleventh-century Byzantium: the "linear hieratic", represented by Hosios Loukas (which she dates in the 1030s) and, in a less pure form, by St Sophia, Kiev; the "painterly" of Nea Moni, which finds analogies in St Sophia, Ohrid (of about the middle of the century), and St Nicholas "of the Roof" at Kakopetria (Cyprus); and the "classical" at Daphni, with contemporary parallels in Cyprus and Georgia. All of these styles are said to have originated in Constantinople, where, unfortunately, practically no wall-painting of this period survives. "Painterly" is indeed an appropriate term to describe the mosaics of Nea Moni, which are fairly broad in treatment, with more emphasis on outlines than on blocks of colour, sometimes without contours. Granted the supposition that the artists came from Constantinople, is one then to believe that Nea Moni offers a representative sample of the state of the art in the capital in c1050?

The mosaics do have undeniable qualities of dramatic intensity, and many individual figures are sensitively done. In looking more attentively at the narrative representations, however, one is struck by faults of drawing and a clumsiness of execution that one would not normally associate with metropolitan standards. In the well-known Anastasis, Adam has two right hands and David is lacking a left arm. The Baptism shows a complete disregard for the relative scale of figures. The three sleeping apostles in the scene of the Agony in the Garden can only be described as grotesque, Peter having only one leg and appearing to be attached to the truncated torses of his two companions. The apostles in the Washing of the Feet lack various parts of their anatomy and those of the Pentecost are particularly ill drawn. Of course provincial workmanship is not the only explanation for the presence of such faults. Not all Constantinopolitan artists were equally gifted; the atelier that went to Chios may not have been of the best. In addition to poor drawing, however, one senses a certain inexperience, as if the artists were trying to improvise *ad hoc* solutions and not quite succeeding – the same, incidentally, has been observed concerning the building by Bouras. For example, finding themselves with an expanse of empty space above the Washing of the Feet, the artists of Nea Moni filled it with a kind of portico of twisted columns between which the figure of Christ is repeated three times. First he removes his outer garment (himation), which is shown discarded, clinging to one of the columns; then he girds himself with a towel, then pours water into a basin. No parallel appears to be known and the sequence could not have been visually attractive even when it was complete (today the upper portion is missing). To make matters worse, the colour of Christ's lower garment (chiton) changes from one figure to the next and when we come to the Washing of the Feet, Christ is once again wearing the himation which he had taken off.

One may ascribe such infelicities to sheer incompetence or to the mechanical reproduction of small-scale models in illuminated manuscripts. On the other hand, they may indicate a moment of change when Byzantine artists were taking a faltering step in a new direction for which they were not as yet fully prepared. It will be easier to make an informed judgment when the mosaics and frescos of Hosios Loukas and Daphni have been published as fully and

Likeness and likelihood

Malcolm Rogers

ROY STRONG
Gloriana: The portraits of Queen Elizabeth I
180pp, with 4 colour and 189 black-and-white illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £18.
0500250987

In 1963 Roy Strong published his *Portraits of Queen Elizabeth I*, in which he attempted a complete listing of the authentic portraits of the queen in all media, together with a classification of the painted portraits by face-pattern, rather than, as had previously been the case, by costume. The present book grows out of that earlier work, and indeed whole sections of the lengthy introduction are reprinted from it. It is, however, very different. Sir Roy writes of his previous study: "Over twenty years on, this approach of cataloguing every version and variant of each image . . . seems sterile. What suggests itself to me as infinitely more revealing is a considered and detailed analysis of the major portraits or groups of portraits as this fantastic iconography was slowly built up over half a century." Instead of a catalogue Strong therefore presents twenty-four short chapters (some digested from his earlier books), each dealing with a single portrait or group of portraits. The arrangement is chronological, and the chapters copiously illustrated.

As is now habitual, Strong approaches the portraits of the queen as "cult" images, and he is most at home and, indeed, most rewarding when imaginatively recreating the symbolic resonance which these images had for those who first devised them. The sections on the "Rainbow" and "Ermine" portraits at Hatfield are outstanding in this respect. However, few apart from Strong himself would think of describing his approach as "considered and detailed", and more often we sense the excited flow of his ideas drawing him away from close analysis of the portrait he is ostensibly considering. This is especially obvious in the case of the "Ditchley" portrait by Marcus Gheeraerts the Younger (National Portrait Gallery), painted probably in 1592 for Sir Henry Lee to commemorate the queen's reconciliatory visit to his house at Ditchley in Oxfordshire. It is painted according to a symbolic programme almost certainly of Lee's devising, and expounded in three Latin mottoes and an English sonnet inscribed on it. The mottoes are now damaged, but may be read; the sonnet is fragmentary, but with the aid of its rhythm and rhyme-scheme and its heavy reliance on repetition and parallelism may be almost entirely reconstructed. Strong's account of the inscriptions is inaccurate and perfunctory; he does not attempt a reconstruction of the sonnet, or even translate the Latin texts. In other words, he ignores the major statements of the portrait's theme, while, in the space of a chapter of four and a half pages, devoting one and a half pages to the symbolic significance of the queen's ear-ring.

In many instances his material is not fully digested. The so-called "Sieve" portraits, showing the queen holding a sieve, emblem of the Roman vestal virgin Tuccia, are a case in point. The most elaborate of these is in Siena, a painting which Strong persuasively attributes to the Dutch artist Cornelius Ketel, who was in England between 1573 and 1581. He dates the Siena picture to between 1579 and 1581, that is, after a group of much less sophisticated "Sieve" portraits dated 1579, which he attributes to the native artist George Gower. The Siena picture has in the background a little group of courtiers, one of whom bears on his sleeve the device of a white hind. This allows Strong to identify him as a favourite of the queen, Sir Christopher Hatton. The earliest account we have of Ketel's career records that the artist was patronized by Hatton, and that in 1578 he painted the queen. It would therefore seem safe to hypothesize that the Siena picture may well have been painted for Hatton in or about 1578, months after he was knighted by the queen, in the year of his appointment as Vice-Chamberlain. This was also the year in which George Best's *True Discourse* of the voyages of Sir Martin Frobisher (who sat to Ketel in 1578) were published with a dedication to Hatton: a book which, Strong argues, influenced the imperial symbolism of the portrait. It follows from this that the portraits dated 1579 are not precursors but derivatives of the Siena picture, as indeed their quality would suggest.

It is worth taking this analysis a little further, for it shows the way in which Strong's confident hypotheses unravel under close scrutiny. All the evidence would make it likely that Ketel, with the support of a favourite of the queen, would have received a sitting for this important and highly original work. If, however, Strong is correct, the face-mask of the Siena picture actually derives in reverse via the 1579 paintings from the "Darnley" portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, a work which he attributes to the Italian Mannerist artist Federigo Zuccaro, who drew, and perhaps painted, the queen in 1575. In reality the Portrait Gallery picture, with its blanched face and stiff articulation, bears only a faint resemblance to Zuccaro's drawing (British Museum), with its expressive features and elaborate allegorical accessories, and is redolent of the North. Further research may show what everything else suggests: that it is another portrait of Elizabeth from the later 1570s, perhaps by Ketel.

Elsewhere Strong glosses over the problems of attribution in a period where few portraits are documented and many damaged to the extent that they provide unreliable visual evidence. The three-quarter length of c1565–70 (private collection), here attributed to Steven van der Meulen (whose name is misspelled "Muelen" throughout), is perhaps by Arnold van Brauncknorst, an artist whom Strong consistently undervalues, shortly after his arrival in England. Any discussion of "Queen Elizabeth and the Three Goddesses" (Royal Collection), which carries the monogram "HE" and the date 1569, ought at least to consider the old attribution to Hans Eworth and the picture's relationship to that artist's "Wise and Foolish Virgins" (Copenhagen), somewhat similarly initialled and dated 1570, before rejecting this in favour of Joris Hoefnagel, with the speculation (unsupported by technical examination) that the monogram may have originally read "HF". Few would accept Strong's attribution of the "Procession Picture" (private collection) to Robert Peake, first made in 1969, and which he disingenuously describes as "unchallenged". That such an attribution should remain unchallenged underlines the fact that the portraits of Elizabeth are, as they have long been, virtually Sir Roy's private scholarly domain. It is to be hoped that the obviously controversial aspects of this study will stimulate others to enter the field, and, like Sir Roy Strong in 1963, and bearing the rich fruits of his researches in mind, take the study of Elizabeth's portraits back to first principles.

A new class of picture

Allen Staley

WAYNE CRAVEN
Colonial American Portraiture: Economic, religious, social, cultural, philosophical, scientific, aesthetic foundations
459pp. Cambridge University Press. £35.
0521320445

In 1765 John Singleton Copley, working in isolation in colonial Boston, sent his "Boy with a Squirrel", one of the quintessential masterpieces of his early style, to London in the hope of eliciting some critical response from the established artists of the metropolis. The picture was enthusiastically received and Copley was elected *in absentia* a member of the Society of Artists, but the first response to the painting when it was sent to Reynolds's studio without Copley's name attached was that it was by a young Englishman, Joseph Wright of Derby. This mistake was not an aberration peculiar to 1765; according to Benedict Nicolson's catalogue of Wright's *oeuvre*, at least two portraits by Wright entered major American museums in this century bearing false attributions to Copley. One reason for the confusion of the artists' works is, as Nicolson wrote in 1968, that both Copley in Boston and his contemporary Wright in Liverpool and Derby painted "sitters of the same up-and-coming middle class, who demanded a similar realistic treatment".

In this ambitious book, Wayne Craven addresses the central issues implied by his subtitle, and points out sensitively and at some length how portraits painted in Puritan, middle-class, colonial New England by Copley and other artists differ substantially from earlier and contemporary images of the English aristocracy painted by leading artists in London, from Lely to Reynolds and Gainsborough. Yet, oddly, Wright of Derby is not mentioned once, and what should be interesting questions about differences between colonial and provincial art, reflecting the different societies of eighteenth-century Boston and eighteenth-century Liverpool, are never raised. Professor Craven does, however, ask (in a chapter entitled "Philosophers and Scientists", which discusses American artists' interest in the physical world in relation to seventeenth and eighteenth-century British empiricism), "If the thought and writings of Locke and Newton contributed to the development of the style of a colonial American painter, why did a similar influence not occur in eighteenth-century English painting – in, say, the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds or Thomas Gainsborough?" Craven modestly answers himself by saying that the matter needs investigation, but a better response might be that a similar influence did occur in English painting, although not in the portraits of aristocratic "ancestors" sold by Joseph Duveen to a generation of American tycoons, which comprise the author's frame of reference. To ask such a question at all implies a shameful neglect of recent scholarship devoted to English art, leading to a further question: how worthwhile is any comparative analysis, especially one which attempts to distinguish the art of a colony from that of the mother country, when only half of the comparison has been seriously attended to?

Colonial American Portraiture begins with a chapter on "The Legacy of John Calvin", and it ends with an epilogue, "Peale's Portrait of Benjamin Franklin", which is more about Franklin than about Peale. Seventeenth and eighteenth-century New England, which properly receives the lion's share of attention in the book, was shaped by its Calvinist-Puritan heritage, and Craven's history of American art during these centuries is essentially an attempt to define this distinctive, but evolving, cultural milieu and explain the paintings by relating them to it. At times the relation (or absence thereof) is rigidly deterministic: it was "beyond possibility" for John Smibert "to create the ultimate New England mercantile portrait because he was foreign-born and foreign-trained, and therefore was not himself a product of colonial America" (one wonders how Craven would assess the English careers of such foreign-born and foreign-trained artists as Van Dyck and Sargent). At times the relation is a matter of choice or intention: seventeenth-century portraits were painted "in the conservative, subcourtly, nationalistic style espoused by upper-middle-class mercantile and gentry society", and "all were intended to express . . . the same socio-cultural values of the upper-middle-class Protestant community". There are large (and seemingly unquestioned) assumptions behind such assertions, and in his preface Professor Craven makes large claims for what he is setting out to do. He bridles at flaws in art-historical methodology in previous studies of early American portraiture, but inherent problems in his own methodology, added to his somewhat blinkered view of the wider art-historical context, keep many of the main arguments of *Colonial American Portraiture* from being entirely convincing. None the less, as the only comprehensive and up-to-date study of its subject, the book makes available a corpus of historically significant, frequently fascinating, and occasionally beautiful works of art, and it provides a vast amount of highly relevant background information.

Richer and stronger

W. G. Beasley

SHARON H. NOLTE
Liberalism in Modern Japan: Ishibashi Tanzan and his teachers, 1905–1960
378pp. University of California Press. £29.25.
0 520 05707 4

MICHAEL A. BARNHART
Japan Prepares for Total War: The search for economic security, 1919–1941
290pp. Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press. $32.95.
0 8014 1915 8

LESLEY CONNORS
The Emperor's Adviser: Saionji Kinmochi and pre-war Japanese politics
260pp. Croom Helm. £29.95.
0 7099 3449 1

It is usual to date the modern development of Japan from a period of conflict with the West in the middle of the nineteenth century. Fear of Western imperialism at that time contributed to the emergence of new political leaders, who during the reign of the Meiji emperor (1867–1912) set out to achieve national strength, politically, militarily and economically, through an extensive programme of borrowing Western technology and institutions. Their aims were summarized in the slogan *fukoku-kyohei*, "enrich the country, strengthen the military". There were two corollaries. One was that Japan, starting from a position of weakness, must seek equality, whether in trade or empire-building, within an international framework which the West had devised and continued to dominate: to be an international maverick was beyond Japan's immediate or foreseeable capacity. The second was that Japan must have an authoritarian polity, capable both of enforcing the decisions which such aims made necessary and of maintaining in power the men who took them. These were the central features of what one might call the Meiji settlement. Any substantial attempt to reform Japanese society after about 1900 would involve modifying or rejecting them. The books reviewed here are concerned with two such challenges, one to the internal and one to the external policies that had been established in Meiji Japan.

These challenges occurred as a result of the economic and social changes brought about by Meiji policy itself. During the first two decades of the twentieth century Japan was rapidly putting together the ingredients of what contemporaries recognized as a "social problem" developing from industrialization: a professional and managerial middle class which had only limited opportunities for participation in politics; a factory labour force, whose aspirations and nascent union organization did not easily fit into established modes; rapid urbanization, involving displacement to the towns of many who had been brought up as country people, and bringing the first evidence of slum development; a rural population increasingly divided between tenant farmers and absentee landlords. Governments saw these things, and the tensions they provoked, as threats to the good order on which national strength depended. Their opponents regarded them as problems to be solved, or as proof that the policies of modernization had themselves been misconceived.

Among the latter many were "liberals", that is, men and women who accepted the main thrust of the policies and institutions conceived under Meiji, but sought within them to provide a broader base for political activity, as well as some amelioration in the living conditions of the under-privileged. It is these whom Sharon Nolte studies. She takes as her principal focus Ishibashi Tanzan (1884–1973), pre-war economic journalist and post-war politician, plus two men, Tanaka Odo and Shimamura Hogetsu, who had taught him at Waseda University.

The choice of a university connection is not merely academic prejudice. It was a characteristic of the years between 1900 and 1910 that Japan's education system was expanding at the secondary and higher levels, thereby increasing the numbers of those who were literate, politically aware and in some measure disillusioned (because the material benefits to be derived from education were proving harder to secure than optimism had suggested). In other words, the country was acquiring an intelligentsia. Books and journals were being produced for its members to read. In particular, there now appeared a range of semi-popular periodicals (many of which still exist) as vehicles for the public discussion of issues that were current and controversial: the nature of democracy; the place of women in the family and society; individualism; the social function of literature; tradition and the need for a "modern" ethic.

Ishibashi, Tanaka and Shimamura all wrote regularly for such publications. Their articles, together with Ishibashi's editorials and diary, provide the substance of Professor Nolte's book. Ishibashi wrote as a staff member for Japan's leading economic journal, *Toyo Keizai Shimpo*, founded in 1895 on the model of Britain's *Economist*. He became editor-in-chief in 1924; started an English-language version, the *Oriental Economist*, in 1932; and only severed his connection with the paper after 1945, when he entered politics.

As an economic journalist Ishibashi had a distinctive contribution to make to Japanese liberalism. Like others, he argued for women to take a more prominent part in public life, for ideas about the family to be revised in the light of the needs of industrial society, for politics to be based on the principle of *minshushugi*, "the-people-as-master". What Japan required, he said, was no longer the welding of national unity, since wealth and strength had substantially been achieved. Rather, the people must be given greater liberty of expression, and society's efforts devoted more to wealth than strength. It was only the growth of industry and commerce that would make a better future possible. Among other things, this meant freeing business men (for, whom, after all, Ishibashi chiefly wrote in his professional capacity) from the dead hand of bureaucratic conservatism.

Japanese Navy opening fire on the Russians in 1904.

In dealing with questions about Japan's relations with the rest of the world Ishibashi was a Free Trader, convinced not only that Japan was constrained to accept Anglo-American ground rules in commerce and finance, but also that it had the qualities to succeed in competition with those powers. This led him to criticize Japan's overseas empire as being economically irrelevant, as well as unjust. Far from contributing to defence, he claimed, colonies made it necessary. The cost of acquiring and keeping them was a drain on the economy. Moreover, the actions by which Japanese interests were advanced on the Asian mainland aroused foreign hostility, which then became a barrier to trade. "What I particularly fear", he wrote at the time of the Siberian expedition, "is making enemies of our neighbours, the one hundred and fifty million people of China and Russia, by our reckless dispatch of troops."

In voicing opinions of this kind Ishibashi did not wholly contradict those of Japan's political establishment. Senior statesmen like Inoue Kaoru and Shidehara Kijuro went along with the argument that military adventures in China were to Japan's economic disadvantage, though they did not go so far as to condemn colonies in Korea and Taiwan, or a sphere of influence in Manchuria, as Ishibashi did. By the same token, Ishibashi accepted that Japan must be strong, differing from the older generation of Japanese leaders principally in the means he wished to see adopted to that end.

When one turns to those who attacked the established foreign policy from the opposite point of view, that is, accusing its advocates of weakness, one is dealing with something more than differences of emphasis of this kind. Men who were more impressed by strength than wealth and saw it as the proper task of governments to exploit the country's military potential resented what they considered to be Japan's subservience to Britain and the United States. They sought – in a variety of ways – to bring about a radical change in the country's international status. Michael Barnhart's *Japan Prepares for Total War* is concerned with one group among them: those who envisaged solutions that would end in total war. As one would expect, most were Army and Navy officers.

When liberal pressures within Japan and changing international circumstance after 1918 began to nudge Japanese decision-makers towards a less military interpretation of how the national interest should be pursued, or even to put wealth first, conservatives and traditionalists claimed that the Meiji achievement was thereby being betrayed. In the name of defending it they demanded fundamental changes of direction. Conspicuous among these were the proposals put forward by a younger generation of professionally trained staff-officers – largely on the basis of what they had observed in Europe between 1914 and 1918 – for what amounted to a revised version of *fukoku-kyohei*, appropriate to Japan's role as an industrial power. To a country which was desperately poor in raw materials, they maintained, security did not just require access to resources through trade. It rested also on the ability to guarantee supplies of them. This in turn implied political and military action, taken in advance of hostilities. From this beginning they went on to evolve plans for an autarkic sphere, dominated by Japan, which would be both self-sufficient and impervious to attack.

The attractions of the idea grew after 1930, until it was widely accepted by politicians and the public, as well as the military. Since one of its objects was to detach Japan from dependence on Anglo-American goodwill, that is, to ensure "autonomy" in foreign affairs, discussion of it necessarily takes in many of the factors which led to the Pacific War. Professor Barnhart does in fact consider most of them. His central themes, however, are how the policy of autarky took shape, what machinery was created for putting it into effect, and why it failed. He examines them principally through the use of military and related government archives.

Planning for self-sufficiency was in its early stages undertaken by Army staff-officers, notably Ishiwara Kenji and Nagata Tetsuzan. It had three purposes. One was the extension of Japanese power overseas in such a way as to ensure the supply of materials vital to war industry. The second was to stimulate industrial development within Japan with a view to a long-term increase in appropriate kinds of production. The third was to introduce reforms into Japanese society which would make it possible to impose controls on the economy, in order to meet the requirements of total war. One aspect of these was a series of measures to ensure that the national interest, as defined by the military, would take precedence over commercial profit (something completely at odds with what Ishibashi Tanzan urged).

In 1931 the architects of these plans were in a position to put them into effect with reference to Manchuria, partly because they held key appointments – Ishiwara, for example, was a senior member of the operations staff of the Kwantung Army – and partly because what they proposed had the support of other powerful groups, acting from different motives. For the next few years, in fact, the persuasiveness of their ideas had a willingness on the part of their friends to take pre-emptive action gave them a significant voice in Japanese policy-making. Yet it would be wrong to attribute to them either the credit or the blame for the course of Japanese expansion in the decade before Pearl Harbor. Indeed, it would be more accurate to say that their efforts were frustrated. Taking military action, as was done intermittently between 1931 and 1937, then massively and continuously in China from 1937 to 1941, caused friction between those responsible for long-term planning and those who demanded munitions for immediate use. In disputes over the allocation of resources, field commanders and operations officers proved stronger than the planners, with the result that by the end of 1938 the latter's influence was lessening. Nagata was dead (assassinated by an officer who disagreed with him) and Ishiwara had been transferred to a post of negligible importance.

After the middle of 1937 economic planning and the implementation of Ishiwara's five-year development plan was entrusted to a new body, the Cabinet Planning Board. In theory it was to provide co-ordination. In practice it became a battleground on which rival contestants fought over quotas for scarce materials. The Army, in addition to conducting campaigns in China, was preparing for anticipated war with Soviet Russia. The Navy had as its prime task building a fleet which could defend the western Pacific against the United States. Their combined requirements, especially for oil and steel, far exceeded what Japan could produce or Japanese exports ordinarily pay for. Since the cabinet proved incapable of settling priorities as between their respective strategic plans, the only remaining recourse was to a network of controls: over foreign trade and foreign exchange, to ensure that they were directed to the acquisition of essential materials; over the domestic economy, to divert capital and manpower to war industries; over civilian consumption, to minimize its demands on available resources. The Planning Board's occasional warnings that Japan was eating the seed corn went unheeded. Indeed, their only conspicuous outcome was the arrest of several of the Board's members in April 1941 on charges of communist activity. They were replaced by military officers, who saw their duty differently.

During 1941 Japanese leaders found themselves in an economic and military dilemma which reflected this failure to reconcile long-term and short-term needs. War in Europe had made the imports they wanted more expensive and more difficult to obtain. Stepping up attempts to procure them from Southeast Asia confirmed British and American suspicions that an "advance to the south" had already been decided on. This brought responses in the form of embargos and restrictions on credit, especially by the United States, which were designed to inhibit Japanese stockpiling and did in fact seriously enhance the difficulties of the Japanese armed forces. By October they were having to choose between making war or abandoning plans for "autonomy" and self-sufficiency, because there was no longer any possibility that resources would increase in pace with military needs. The result was Pearl Harbor.

The unsuccessful pursuit of autarky was one response to the growth of an industrial society in twentieth-century Japan, just as liberalism was another. Saiouji Kinmochi (1849–1940), the subject of Lesley Connors's *The Emperor's Adviser*, personifies the attempt made by upper echelons of Japanese leadership to damp down the tensions between them and ward off the kind of destabilization that might lead to catastrophe. Saionji was successively diplomat, Foreign Minister, Prime Minister, and elder statesmen (*Genro*), one of the small group – and its only survivor after 1924 – whose function it was to advise the emperor on the making of cabinets. As a court noble of distinguished lineage he had impeccable connections. As a protégé of Ito Hirobumi he early learnt the art of manipulating politicians; only to discover in the 1930s that manipulation was not enough.

Saionji, as Dr Connors portrays him, was not so much a liberal in Ishibashi's sense (though he used his influence to promote party cabinets when he could) as heir to the "civilian" wing of the Meiji elite. He was concerned to defend Japan's constitutional monarchy against those who attacked either constitutionality or the monarchy itself. He continued to uphold the principles in foreign affairs that Ito and Inoue and (in a more extreme form) Ishibashi stood for: Japanese participation in an international order which enjoined co-operation with Britain and the United States, not autonomy. The Pacific War, had he lived to see it, would have been for him a tragedy on both counts.

It has long been held that Saionji abandoned his efforts to restrain Japanese expansion overseas in the interest of saving the monarchy. Connors does not see the position as quite so clear-cut, though the two things were certainly related. Lacking the feudal or bureaucratic power base that other *Genro* had enjoyed, Saionji built one for himself at court, by ensuring that the offices close to the throne (except the military ones) were held by men he could trust. From time to time he used the power this gave him – cautiously – to prompt imperial intervention in political decisions. There was nothing extraordinary about this, for his patrons and predecessors among the Meiji statesmen had done the same; but in his hands the weapon was so effective that those who wanted to bring about a "reconstruction" of Japanese society at home and "autonomy" abroad found court and *Genro* a significant obstacle. In 1935 they made them into targets of public criticism during the Minobe affair (a series of right-wing attacks on Japan's most distinguished constitutional lawyer for claiming that the monarchy was "an organ of the state", a view which was described by his critics as *lèse-majesté*). This, plus the abortive military coup of February 1936, in which members of the imperial family came close to being involved, seems to have convinced Saionji that there was a danger to the monarchy too great for him to take the risk of thrusting it into politics again. "It has come to the stage", he wrote, "where politics has all but been taken over by the military, but I want to keep the Court, at least, free from this." As a pragmatist he recognized that the result would be to reduce his influence over foreign affairs, but believed that it was more important to retain a base from which to fight again. Politics was the art of the possible. The "trend of the times" – a phrase he frequently employed – would not always be unfavourable.

Dr Connors's detailed reassessment of Saionji, like *Liberalism in Modern Japan* and *Japan Prepares for Total War*, gives greater depth to our understanding of the conflicts in Japan between the wars. All three books also have some relevance to the post-war period. Though Saionji was unable to preserve the Meiji settlement or prevent the Pacific War, he left in place at court and in parts of the bureaucracy a group of men of outlook similar to his own, who were able to moderate the consequences of defeat. Ishibashi's influence was more direct, for he lived to carry forward his ideas into the occupation years. As Finance Minister in 1946–7 and Minister of International Trade and Industry in 1954–6 he was able to inject some of his own economic realism into the thinking of post-war governments. And even the planners of total war left a peacetime legacy. Stripped of military purpose, the economic and administrative structures that they helped to build have played their part in Japan's industrial success since 1955. After all, one of their ablest civilian allies, Kishi Nobusuke, was Prime Minister from 1957 to 1960.

Endeavours and attachments

James Kirkup

ROHAN KODA
Pagoda, Skull and Samurai
Translated by Chieko Irie Mulhern
280pp. Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle. 1,400 Yen.
4 805 304960

Japanese literary history usually classifies Rohan Koda as an "idealist" writer. He lived from 1867 to 1947, and so can be considered an author of the Meiji, Taisho and Showa eras. But he is quite unlike the majority of "confessional" novelists of the times, with their rambling, amorphous and often maudlin evocations of humdrum lives and naive emotions. Instead, his novels are carefully structured, and his literary style beautifully crafted. Underlying all his work is a profounder meaning. As the translator of this volume points out in her afterword, Rohan was deeply influenced by the social and moral-activist aspects of Confucianism in general, and by the action-orientated theories of Wang Yang-ming in particular. Rohan firmly believed that the mission of art is to enlighten and serve mankind, by creating works whose structured microcosms are superior to nature or even to religion in their power to inspire and educate ordinary men. These principles are clearly what inform "The Five-Storied Pagode" and "Encounter with a Skull", two of the stories here, with such pregnant symbolism.

In "The Five-Storied Pagoda", the humble carpenter Jubei is commanded to build his pagoda by a mysterious dream figure, and he and his workman, despite tremendous difficulties, persevere in their faith in collective endeavour, after risking their lives and their artists' honour, to recreate eternity itself in the form of a perfectly constructed pagode.

As well as the formal pleasure one derives from this novel, its neatly carpentered chapters as resistant yet flexible as the pagoda itself, the translator has done a remarkable job in transposing Rohan's exquisite style into English. The first paragraph is immediately striking for its elegance and balance, creating a portrait of a woman as vividly as any opening by Ivy Compton-Burnett:

> Facing a sturdy rectangular brazier of elegantly grained zelkova wood edged with red oak sat a woman about thirty years of age who looked rather lonesome in the absence of anyone to keep her company. Her handsome, almost staunch eyebrows were shaved off, an indication that she was married, leaving an appealing suggestion of bluish green, like the brilliant colour of mountains and rain.

"Encounter with a Skull" is an enchanting ghost story, very much in the Chinese style, as can be found in Lafcadio Hearn's *The Story of Ming-Y*. It is about a wanderer in wintry mountains who loses his way and becomes spellbound by a beautiful, mysterious young woman living alone in a primitive hut, who invites him to spend the night. As the translator points out, the tale "not only echoes Buddhist views and the eerie atmosphere and rich allusions characteristic of the fourteenth-century Noh theatre, but also mirrors the structure of a typical Noh ghost play".

"The Bearded Samurai" is a rather confusing little historical epic for anyone not familiar with sixteenth-century Japanese history, for whom the translator gives helpful commentaries. It is a tale of samurai courage and honour in the face of death, whose hero, Dairoku, seems to reflect the pragmatic attitudes of his real-life contemporaries Ieyasu and Nobunaga, who also appear. As in Saikaku's *Tales of Samurai Honour* there is a distinct homosexual flavour to this story. Tough warriors like Kairoku and Sakai Tadatsugu seem to dwell on the pure beauty of the young warrior Kotaro in sensuously affectionate terms:

> His face, flushed and moist from excitement, was as pure and fair as a glistening white jewel. His lightly pulled petals of lips were flaming red, his soft eyebrows blue-black and his rage-widened eyes shimmering with gentle dew. A beautiful young boy, too delicate to be handled by rough hands.

Irie Mulhern explains the nature of homosexual samurai passion, citing the love of Nobunaga for Rammaru, his page, the most famous of his attachments: "Homosexual attachments between warriors have been far from uncommon in Japanese history and fiction . . . In an age infused with fatalistic Buddhist pessimism, a samurai would be considered the more masculine and self-controlled for this love of men and for his emotional detachment from women."

Despite the complex plotting and profusion of both historical and fictional characters, the translator has created a very readable and enjoyable work and it is to be hoped that, after the revelation of this volume, more of Rohan's work will be translated.

An eastern Arcadia

Carmen Blacker

TOSHIO YOKOYAMA
Japan in the Victorian Mind: A study of stereotyped images of a nation 1850–80
233pp. Macmillan. £27.50.
0 333 40472 6

Toshio Yokoyama, a historian of nineteenth-century Japan with an Oxford training, set himself to discover what "images" the Victorians entertained of Japan during the thirty years after 1850. To this end he ransacked with amazing enterprise every newspaper, every literary journal, every publisher's archive of the period. From *Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Cornhill* and even the *North British Review* he has brought to light a wealth of forgotten writing about Japan: buried articles by Mitford, Alcock and Frederick Marshall, sparkling contributions by Sir Charles Dilke before his political fall, a description of Kyoto in 1878 by Cyprian Bridge, an account of Edo by Robert Fortune, known to most of us only as the botanist who penetrated to innermost China in search of specimens for Kew. From this exciting trove Professor Yokoyama demonstrates that the Victorians before 1880 entertained one primary and persistent image of Japan. It was singular, remote, mysterious. Further, it was an unfallen paradise, a far-off elfland. Its people, uncorrupted by vice or greed, dwelt amid arcadian scenery on terms of perfect mutual courtesy.

Even before Commodore Perry forced his way into Japan in 1853, the Victorian public had been ready and eager to see in the secluded country an ideal landscape of this kind. No sooner were foreigners allowed to than publishers were clamouring for material which would reinforce this image. In any other view of Japan they were not interested, and indeed, one of the virtues of this book is the enterprising manner in which Yokoyama, not content with discovering neglected early writings on Japan, has gone further and tracked down, in likewise forgotten archives, all the correspondence relating to these articles. We can thus see how the writers' initial dispassionate view of Japan was transformed, through publishers' pressure, into the required image of innocence and simplicity, of cleanliness, gentleness and politeness, in marked contrast with the filth, dishonesty and sickening stenches of China.

During the decade of the 1860s the image proved more difficult to sustain. But despite the fact that several foreigners were hacked to pieces, that the Legation was murderously attacked, that Sir Harry Parkes narrowly escaped assassination, the picture of Japan at home remained obstinately bright. Sir Rutherford Alcock's attempts to portray Japan with all the realism of the new photography, to reveal a darker side of violence, cruelty, mendacity and licentiousness, were destined to be short-lived. Even Mitford, for all his realism, was soon depicting the *samurai*, not as the brutal ruffians he had seen in the early 1860s, but as English gentlemen in unfamiliar clothes. Japanese goods, exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1862, reinforced the excited admiration. The ceramics, the colour prints, the bronzes, the swords, some of which were later bought by Arthur Liberty for his shop, all revealed a healthy stimulating sense of design, a natural sense of harmony with nature.

Isabella Bird might write vividly of the villages in the north, through which she rode on her pony in 1878 *en route* to Hokkaidu, where fetid filth, flies and disease abounded. The Victorian public continued to believe what the Jesuits had written in the sixteenth century of the immaculate cleanliness of everything Japanese. But as the 1870s progressed, as Japan embarked on her programme of headlong modernization, and as railways, factories, ill-fitting foreign clothes and badly copied foreign gewgaws began to sully the scene, a note of pain appeared in the reports. Birmingham had irrupted into Arcadia. But who was to blame? Only ourselves, for who but we had allowed the serpent into the garden, and was it not only round the Treaty Ports that dirt, ugliness and beggars were to be observed?

Yokoyama's detached and descriptive stance is in pleasant contrast to the diatribes of Edward Said against Western "orientalism". The romantic image does not offend Yokoyama, for he sees it as a projection of the Western psyche in the 1870s. Its doubts about the validity of material "progress", its nostalgia for a lost paradise in which beauty is effortlessly created, it is to be regretted that he did not extend his period for a few more years, to embrace the Aesthetic Movement, which adorned so many mantelpieces with fans and "consummate" Imari ware, and to demonstrate how the over-rosy image of Japan gave way to darker and more frightening ones. His book will prove a fascinating mine for historians of Japan, and for anyone concerned with the power of image and symbol.

A ritual in time

Mary Douglas

MAURICE BLOCH
From Blessing to Violence
214pp. Cambridge University Press. £30
(paperback, £9.95).
0521 30639 6

This remarkable book works at several levels: it is structural, historical, empirical and theoretical. It gives an account of one ceremony, the circumcision rites of the Merina of Madagascar, a people on whom Maurice Bloch has already published significant studies. Here he focuses on the continuity of the ceremony. How authentic are the claims that it is the same ceremony that has always been practised by the Merina since before Christianity became their state religion over 100 years ago? The question plunges him into the problem of similarity: what criteria will justify an authoritative identification of any one performance as being a performance of the same ritual?

The question of identity over time is one of the most profound in the philosophy of religion. Its counterpart is the question of identity over space. If we ask whether the practice of Christianity is the same in South America, Rome or London, the answer has to be no, not exactly the same. A book of common prayer or a missal helps to identify conforming rituals, as do Vedic texts for Hinduism and the Midrash for Judaism. But what are we to say about the unconforming practices, the developments, elaborations and truncations? And if a religion is not developing, is it a religion at all?

Professor Bloch can write about religious identity over a long period because he has used historical records. A royal speech dated to approximately 1810 expounds the laws concerning the circumcision. It is compulsory for every male, the various rites over the kingdom are orchestrated in a ranked series, and all must follow after the royal ceremony has taken place. Although the king, on this occasion, says, "I do not change the ways of the ancestors", his speech is actually innovative, since it makes a State ritual out of what had formally been the ritual of the descent groups. The first record is Ellis's *History of Madagascar* (1838), giving on eyewitness account of the 1825 celebration. There is an account for the 1844 ceremony and others for 1854 and 1865. The anthropologist himself witnessed it in 1965 and 1971. In presenting these accounts of what are purportedly various performances of the same ritual pattern, Bloch engages in that reassessment of historical sources now much practised among anthropologists. The rites have definitely changed over the long period.

Between 1780 and 1810 the king of the Merina increased the export of slaves to Mauritius in exchange for guns. The nascent State was organizing courts, markets, taxation and *corvées*, centralizing the cults as it was centralizing its military potential. In 1817 King Radama signed a treaty with the British abolishing the slave trade in his realm, in return for which he received military and technical aid and welcomed missionaries who would teach literary, administrative and technical skills to his people. However, by 1828, the queen who succeeded him led a strong popular movement to be rid of foreign control. Christians were persecuted, missionaries expelled and the local descent group cults were consolidated into a State religion. After the queen's death in 1861, Christianity continued to be officially persecuted, but such were the vicissitudes of political strife that it became very powerful, eventually rivalling the State in influence, until in 1869 it was made the State religion. In this period the Merinas were aligned between Catholic and Protestant denominations. When, in 1895, Madagascar was taken by the French, the Catholic Churches (dominated by French clergy) acquiesced in foreign rule, while the Protestants became acknowledged leaders of resistance. At this stage no Merina traditional religion seemed available to fire the opposition. After a major revolt against the French had been forcibly suppressed in 1947 nominal independence was accorded to the Merina. By the 1960s Christian dominance had given way before a strong revival of the traditional religion, now finally perceived as a real alternative to Christianity.

The political backdrop allows Bloch to interpret the various accounts of circumcision by relating its abbreviated forms either to the moments when the Merina state was not integrated or to the inimical dominance of Christianity, and its fullest forms to its function as the expression of Merina cultural expansion and autonomy. Inevitably the analysis resembles somewhat the work of archaeologists and old-style ethnologists trying to trace the spread of a cultural pattern. When the ceremony is very long in duration it is composed of the same core elements, some repeated many times; it includes substitutions which count as such because they occur in a given context and have the same meanings attributed to them (as spade and spear-both signify men's work), or because they signify the same in a more grandiose aspect (as when at the time of maximum imperial aggrandizement wild water that used to be brought in from holy lakes to be blessed and tamed is brought from the ocean).

The unusual historical depth makes this main part of the book a signal achievement, and I find the identification fully convincing. The circumcision has changed, it has been adapted to varying circumstances, but it has enough spatio-temporal continuity to establish its identity. In another sense its identity surmounts the changes in its appearance because it is performed with the same intentions. These are the inducting of male children to their social role. They are tamed and worthy to accumulate blessings in their lifetime, blessings transmitted by the elders from the ancestors, the elders themselves being soon to join their ancestors and the infants to join in turn the men and then the elders and the ancestors. The central theme is obedience to the order of descent established by the ancestors. The circumcision is a legitimation of authority; it asserts a timeless order, set in antithesis to the flux and wild disorder of nature. It is an enactment of wildness tamed by blessing.

Most of the enactment is of the antithesis of what the ritual establishes, so the ceremonies are full of chasing and breaking and dirt slung about. What is described parallels the celebration of *communitas*, as Victor Turner used to call it, the liminal experience of being outside the formal order of society. Turner's explanation was more apt to honour the value of *communitas* as distinguished from structure, whereas according to Bloch these Merina rituals are definitely on the side of order and of masculine authority. The meaning is the same even when it is extended from the authority of the elders over the descent group to the authority of the kings over the whole kingdom. Again, I am convinced – so much so that I suggest it can be carried forward constructively to clarify the theoretical problems to which the beginning and end of the book are devoted.

In 1863 there was a popular millennialist revolt against the dominance of Christians, but it collapsed. Reflecting on the relation between religion and politics, Bloch regards it as a failed attempt at religious innovation and says that "the political failure of the revolts doomed any possibility of real ritual innovation". According to the story that has been unfolded, the rituals of blessing from ancestors to elders to the new generation are themselves the source of stability, sufficiently strong to discredit the expectations of any millenarian cult that will sweep away the old order. Using a horticultural metaphor, Bloch says that the several millenarian movements led to a sterile florescence that did not bear fruit.

Evidently, cargo cults are endemic in some social conditions and the source of innovations, while here, among the Merina, the old rituals reassert themselves. This gives rise to a discussion whether rituals and religion take place in an autonomous sphere of their own, independent of the practical sphere of economics and politics. However, the dichotomy is not necessary to the story, whose lesson can be put more simply, without setting religious ritual categorically over and against other ritual or religious reality and experience over and against other reality and experience. A common-sense simplification would say that the commitment of the Merina to the social order had been so strong through the centuries that the ceremonies which express it continue to have meaning for them; consequently, we can say that the meanings of social stability and established authority dear to the Merina are in direct opposition to the meanings which inspire a millennial movement of revolt, even if the revolt is against the authority of outsiders. This simplification, if adopted, would cut across most of the theoretical discussion which frames the account of circumcision.

Although he says most of the authors with whom he disagrees, it is not completely unfair of Bloch to summarize a huge body of argument about religion and ideology as a bouncing between two walls, a functionalist wall of real relationships and an intellectualist wall of imaginary, ideological symbolic relationships. Bloch proposes to stop the ball from bouncing by setting up two other walls. Rituals for him are a different kind of phenomenon from the politico-economic. This he claims to have demonstrated by taking, as he so admirably does, the long historical viewpoint. However a longer historical depth of itself does not yield better categories of analysis. When he says ritual, what kind of ritual does he have in mind? Does he mean descent group and royal rituals and community rites of all kinds or does he include domestic rituals of greeting and commemoration, small, local, temporary rituals? He himself bounces a little between proposing that ritual is a different phenomenon and that it is a different form of communication.

One must sympathize with Bloch's dissatisfaction with the state of the art in writing about religion. As his amusing summary of other scholars' theories shows, the whole subject is dominated by a representative theory of knowledge. The relation between the things symbolized and the symbols dominates and befuddles the thinking. He calls out for recognition of another form of communication, expression rather than denotation. Without saying more about what he means by expression, he would get into the same kind of difficulties as with two kinds of reality, ritual and non-ritual. But fortunately for the future discussions this book will generate there is a well-developed theory of expression by exemplars in the writings of Nelson Goodman. Learning by exemplification is much discussed in the philosophy of science. This form of communication applies to all rituals, to the tea ceremony and the toasting of absent friends as well as to the great celebration of royal occasions. On this approach the rites of the Merina would be performances which exemplify their theory of descent as a timeless reality set amid temporal chaos. Exemplification, according to Goodman, is a more direct form of reference than denotation.

Durkheim could forgive the author for guying him along with everybody else since Bloch has done him the honour of writing a superb Durkheimian analysis. If he were more aware of what precursors he was drawing upon, he might have been saved from leaving unexplained his sense that rituals are a different kind of reality. Durkheim taught that religion is a meta-communication in which individuals express the timeless transcendence of their social order over their individual wishes. If Durkheim is right, Bloch is right; the circumcision rite is a performance that acts out a meta-meditation on the social order and it is, indeed, very different from the other lower-level meditations on economic advantage or political strategy.

Fieldwork among the wealthy

Jeremy MacClancy

GARY WRAY McDONOGH
Good Families of Barcelona: A social history of power in the industrial era
262pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £15.10.
0 691 09426 8

Though they have often discussed the possibility of investigating modern capitalist élites in Western societies, very few social anthropologists have tried to do fieldwork among them. This omission is all the more striking in that such groups display processes of group formation comparable to those in technologically primitive societies. Perhaps the problem has been lack of "contacts" and of funds sufficient to live among wealthy whites who do not automatically grant academics the prestige necessary to be able to ask endless questions. Why put up with a nosy intruder if there is little to be gained?

Thanks to personal ties and a "friend of a friend" in one family, Gary McDonogh gained entry to the Good Families, the almost two hundred patrilineages who have controlled Barcelona economically for much of the past 150 years. As McDonogh sees it, "family" here is central, as structure, practice and ideology. Capitalist industrialization both gave power to an emergent group and transformed its family patterns: individual entrepreneurs did not pass their patrimony on to their eldest sons but established *casas industriales* ("industrial households") by dividing it among all their male offspring. Kinship was crucial as relations and affines formed business and social ties. The Good Families arose as a new élite from the meeting of these industrialists with the older, urban aristocracy. The industrialists' children became ladies and gentlemen of upper-class etiquette, speech and culture, and traded economic for social capital, confirming their claims to high status by marrying aristocrats.

"Family" was used both as a metaphor for the historical homogeneity of Catalonia against the intrusions of the centralist Spanish state, and as a model for social relations within the region: it was both a unifying and a hierarchical concept. In the Barcelona Opera House and the city's Old Cemetery, "family" was represented as an enduring hierarchy and Catalan society was portrayed as an ordered inequality among classes. Symbolizing the recent economic decline of the Good Families, the Opera House is now no longer controlled by the wealthy élite, but by the Catalan Government.

McDonogh argues that "family" is central to any study of élites since it is a basic structure through which power is held and distributed, an agent for the distribution of rights and privileges, and a potent symbol. If social anthropology has to seem more "relevant" these days, then the comparative study of these power-holding groups via such a notion promises much.

The power of the family in Italian life is one of the many topics covered by Luigi Barzini in his *The Italians* (first published in 1964 and reviewed in the *TLS* on October 22 that year), which has recently appeared as a Hamish Hamilton paperback (352pp. £5.95. 0 241 12314 3).

Between kraal and college

Chinweizu

TEPILIT OLE SAITOTI
Worlds of a Maasai Warrior
360pp. Deutsch. £12.95.
0 233 97973 5

It is remarkable that a Maasai warrior who has confronted and speared a majestic lioness while still an uncircumcised boy can find himself no match for a bunch of inexhaustibly energetic, atrociously mannered, rich American nine-year-olds. But after losing fifteen pounds in his first week as a counsellor in an upstate New York summer camp, Tepilit Ole Saitoti was ready to give up. The events which led to this strange situation began when Tepilit's father broke with Maasai tradition and sent him to a westernized school in his native Tanzania. Tepilit was chosen because his father believed that he was the one son who would always return to the family, no matter how far he strayed into the great unknown world, with its park rangers, tourists, guns and cameras, that had arrived outside his Ngorongoro kraal. His father was right, for he always returned. *Worlds of a Maasai Warrior* is the autobiographical account of Tepilit's shuttlings between the Maasai and the West, up until his return from college education in America.

In his quest for education, Tepilit's nomadism ranged far beyond the Serengeti plains of Tanzania. It took him to Kenya, Germany and the United States. He returned periodically to the life of a Maasai herdsman, and although each return and subsequent departure caused its own psychological rupture, the values of Maasai life remained his spiritual anchor.

Among the highlights of his adventure were his first encounters with the automobile, with reading and writing, with Christianity, with Western women, with the aeroplane, with snow (or "white ash"), and with Western music in its various forms – church, disco, symphony. On the trek to his first school, Tepilit and his companions travelled by car for the first time:

> I passed by the front of the car and saw two big eyes, which I came to learn later were the lights. All the boys were securely on top of the car when I climbed up. It was shaking like a frightened cow because the engine was on, I was told.

After he became a Christian at school, his father laughed at him, saying: "Do not make me think you are a nothing." Though humiliated by his remark, Tepilit was baptized into the Lutheran Church a few years later – in effect, he had no choice, since schooling and Christianity were inseparable in a mission school. He remembers that

> We were congratulated by our teacher, and everybody else around told us that our souls were now white as snow, having been cleansed of all our sins. I felt so pure that I wanted to die before messing up again. I knew it would be hopeless to try to live a whole day without sinning. It was hard to remain pure when it was demanded that you do not desire, swear in God's name, or even cheat a little. Although I had accepted Christian teachings, I was still puzzled by how Jesus was born. That is one story I will never tell my father. He would wonder about my intelligence.

When Tepilit goes to his first symphony concert in Munich, he feels homesick, the atmosphere reminding him of important Maasai ceremonies; when he finds that his education at an American college is "similar to treading the rigorous path of achieving manhood in Maasailand", he reminds us that whatever the superficial differences between cultures, they are often more similar than we conventionally imagine.

Although Tepilit had become a Christian, the more education he acquired, the less religious he became. "Slowly I realized that my own Maasai religion was as valid as any other." When one of his brothers died and he was summoned home, he took stock of himself. He found that because of his new habit of travelling by car and by plane he was physically out of shape and that scepticism had impaired his spiritual health. Nevertheless, he agreed to travel with one of his other brothers to see a *laibon* (spiritual leader) who had undertaken to create harmony in his family. When the rituals of the spiritual treatment were completed, he felt happier and lighter in spirit. On their walk home, however, an incident revealed just how un-Maasai his perceptions had become. When he mistook a distant tree for a dangerous buffalo, his brother mocked him: "It's hard to walk at night with Americans; they see trees with horns and tails."

Years after familiarity with the West might have been expected to have dulled his memory of his initial responses, Tepilit Ole Saitoti is still able to present them freshly to us. He has given us a humorous, light-hearted account of his cross-cultural explorations, underlining the point that just as there is no absolute inertial reference frame in the physical world, so each culture is its own centre, and one is no more valid than any other.

A detail from an unknown photographer's gelatin silver print, circa 1900, of a Maasai. The picture is reproduced from Africa Then: Photographs 1840–1918, *edited by Nicolas Monti (175pp. £20. 0 500 54130 2), which will be published by Thames and Hudson on August 24.*

Between witches and riches

D. A. N. Jones

ADEWALE MAJA-PEARCE
In My Father's Country: A Nigerian journey
177pp. Heinemann. £11.95.
0 434 44170 8

Adewale Maja-Pearce was born to an English mother in London, where his Nigerian father was studying to become a surgeon. The boy spent his childhood in Ikoyi, "a predominantly European suburb" of Lagos, where he joined the Wolf Cubs and danced around the maypole, in accordance with British tribal custom; he did not travel far from Lagos and did not learn any Nigerian language. He returned to Britain when he was sixteen and now lives in Sussex. His book is a report of a trip around Nigeria which he made in 1985, finding much to discompose him.

Nigerians have, perhaps, too many languages, too many wives, too much family, too much magic – and their naughty children chant "Oyinbo" (pale-face) whenever they see a fair-skinned person. Maja-Pearce is more indignant about these failings than the average British expatriate might be; after all, it is his father's country, even though his mother was a pale-face. "By now I was used to the children shouting 'Oyinbo'! whenever they saw me coming", he reports from Benin. "But it was beginning to irritate me. Once I surprised them by lunging at them and shouting that I was going to do my magic on them if they didn't shut up. This terrified the children who fled in hysterics to the safety of their mothers."

A simpleton in Benin told him: "We believe you people are witches. How else could you make planes that fly in the sky? . . . We blacks are also witches. We use our witchcraft for destruction whereas you use yours for comfort." Maja-Pearce noticed an abandoned building in Benin, only half-completed as a result of a feud between two claimants to ownership, a rich man and a poor man: "The rich man threatened litigation; the poor man threatened witchcraft. Belief in witchcraft allows for a certain measure of democracy in human affairs." By "democracy" he seems to mean equal opportunities, equal authority, for rich and poor – a system rare enough in any country but especially rare in Nigeria, the author assures us.

No one, he remarks, knows the size of the population in Nigeria: it might be anything between eighty million people and half as much again. He blames the rulers of the northern region, determined to assert the overwhelming numerical superiority of their own people and to reject any census that does not support their view. "In so far as the north continues to dominate the country politically there will never be a reliable census." On the language question, he counts fourteen different languages in Bendel State alone – and he hopes that they will all die out, except for the main three in the whole country, each of which is spoken by perhaps twenty million people.

In Nigeria, as in much of the rest of the Third World, polygamy is lawful and respectable: this is one of the most important differences between Afro-Asians (including Arabs) and Americo-Europeans. Surprisingly, Maja-Pearce does not mention any polygamous families in his tour of Nigeria. His modern, "middle-class" acquaintances have one wife at a time and take mistresses, but they do not have to fear exposure, like Cecil Parkinson or Gary Hart. They say: "A man needs many women; a woman needs only one man." It is thought proper for a man to keep his mistresses away from his wife. The wife "secretly respects such a man"; and when he grows old "and no longer has the stamina to chase after women his wife has him all to herself. That is the reward for her patience."

These comfortable, modern men are, however, burdened by the extended-family system. A junior lecturer (with five young children of his own) is badgered by a distant cousin whose close kinsfolk want him to enter the university: the boy is not sufficiently qualified and, anyway, the junior lecturer is not responsible for admissions – but the kinsfolk will never understand that. "That's the extended family for you", says the lecturer. "People never take things like that into account when they praise it." Although he does not seem to have enjoyed his trip very much, the outspoken Maja-Pearce stirs up pleasant memories for the old Africa hand, with his informative gossip and traveller's tales. He has the material for a novel about Nigeria.

Between science and poetry

Nigel Barley

EDITH TURNER
The Spirit and the Drum: A memoir of Africa
165pp. Tucson: Arizona University Press.
$18.95.
0 8165 1009 1

It seems offensive to describe a woman who is a working anthropologist in her own right as "wife of anthropologist Victor Turner". Yet such is the self-effacing position adopted by Edith Turner. *The Spirit and the Drum* is dedicated to her husband and the warmth of their relationship permeates it as it clearly sustained them in prolonged bouts of fieldwork. It is a haunting book, tracing Edith Turner's development from Marxist-dialectic studenthood to nostalgic widowhood in an African setting. It is deeply personal in that – in the spirit of participant observation – Turner did not just observe but also underwent the complex and often lurid rituals of Ndembu life: she has squirted maternal milk at strange deities, joined in wild dances and been plastered with medicines.

The ultimate justification of the anthropological researcher is that he/she can claim insight through unique exposure to and internalization of the alien. The familiar paradox is that it is the task of the analyst – as of the biographer – to help others to overcome the uniqueness of that experience through the written word. The unsatisfactoriness of the anthropological monograph as the vehicle for that act of sharing has become increasingly evident as more fieldworkers allow access to their private thoughts and feelings in works that lie outside that genre. The work of Victor Turner has always been inherently uncomfortable in that it argues of the importance of emotion and experience in the arid prose of detached analysis. The medium and the message are at war. Small wonder, then, that he has been accused of excessive theology.

The value of books such as Edith Turner's lies in the gap between the "learned" and the "popular" works. In the case of the *The Spirit and the Drum* the gap seems smaller than one would have expected. It was written, for the most part, some thirty years after the events it describes. What more natural, then, than to use the *oeuvre* of Victor Turner as the point of departure and the basic framework? The interpretation of ritual is the core of the book, based upon the notion of word meaning, the importance of etymologies, situational meaning and physiological references and above all the role of experience in a social context. There is the blood tree, the milk tree, beloved of undergraduate essays. (I confess, I had forgotten the tear tree.) There are drums of affliction and the slaying of the White spirit.

But Edith Turner also – and this is new – stresses the poetic aspect of Ndembu ritual so that she is on occasion driven to quote Western poetry in a fashion that seems oddly antiquarian. The tendency is inevitable for, if one abandons child analysis, what alternative to poetry is left? When anthropologists quote poetry it usually means that they are trying to fudge the issue of causal efficacy or even rationality. Yet here it seems a genuine attempt to grasp a transient and ineffable moment, such as occurs when Turner glimpses the passage of village life, of thirty years of joys and griefs, in an African waif's Bugart-like smile. The line between open emotion and cloying sentimentality is hairline, but this book seldom if ever strays the wrong side of it. It should therefore not be read as the publisher's blurb urges, as the work of "the wife of Victor Turner", for there are few insights into either him or his work. It deserves to be read in its own right.

When Islington meets Bangladesh

Joanna Motion

FRANCIS ROLT
The Last Armenian
193pp. Hamish Hamilton. £10.95.
0 241 12344 5

The story of the last Armenian in Bangladesh is told by the umpteenth wandering Brit. The book's first-person narrator, Charles, finds himself almost at random in Chittagong. After a desert sojourn in Sudan, he occupies a university post in the violent Inshness of Bengal: "to drift, to enter another culture and to move on when bored, seemed a reasonable, even enviable existence". Entering another culture, for Charles, becomes a matter of coming to grips with Shiuli, a young Bengali woman who seems both the essence and the bikini-wearing refutation of the place he seeks to know. Part of Shiuli's differentness lies in her upbringing at the hands of the man who adopted her as a foundling: Jo, the last Armenian in the country, and by temperament, history and geography another outsider-insider.

For a while these three share the peace of their crumbling house behind huge wooden doors at Number One Armenian Street, and enjoy the exploration both of each other and of the swarming city beyond their high walls. But Jo's death in confused circumstances is the hinge on which the love affair between Charles and Shiuli, Charles and Bangladesh, breaks.

Threaded through the book is a nagging preoccupation: how to come to terms with a place whose continuing history is so violent, where nature is so devastatingly energetic, where the inequities are so extreme, and remain human? Mysticism, intellectualism, the soft focus of the Romantic view – all popular ways of dealing with the subcontinent – each seems inadequate. Yet, as the evidence of atrocities in the Chittagong Hill Tracts, where the ancient tribal peoples fight a dirty war with the nastier aspects of the twentieth century, is forced on their attention, first Jo, then Shiuli, then Charles have to consider in personal terms whether passive acquiescence might be another sort of crime. "If you let people die you're as bad as the murderers", is the view Shiuli comes to, and she follows her own logic into desperate paths. She finds her place and cause, albeit a lethal one.

In Charles, the passer-through, parallel pressures create a different response: "You don't understand the strain of living in a place where people are abandoned like bits of old sacking on the streets, where every day f do something I'm ashamed of: ignoring a beggar, shouting at a rickshawwallah." In Shiuli's eyes, the haven of sanity he holds out for them, a North London flat with a view of the park, is itself the abnormality: most of tha world is more like Bangladesh than Islington. Torn and inadequate, Charles escapes first to the Buddhist calm of Kathmandu, and then, temporarily at least, through a gap in his mind.

In this, his first novel, Francis Rolt has taken on a fascinating, exasperating country and a theme that is both profound and deeply felt. The anguished flashback which is the central section of the book gives his narrator the opportunity to recollect his initial enthusiasm for the vigorous life and high colour of the place; even the subsequent scenes of wrangling with obstructive officials display a relish for its people and its language: "Charming sir . . . in this matter the superintendent is hapless." But Rolt isn't yet up to the weight of his subject. Charles's account of the passionate, murderous, life-changing events he describes is too often encased in airy or hammy self-consciousness ("I paid little attention to the usual eddying crowd"; "I stammered an affirmative reply"). Attempts to match up to the material risk portentousness ("I ascribe a particular fatefulness to this step"). Rolt seeks to legitimize some laboured or sickly flights of fancy by calling attention to them – the flowers of the shiuli tree, after which Charles's lover is named, are described as "almost comically tropical, so lovely and so brief, as insubstantial as romance". The point is made but a squirm remains.

Probing the masks of interest

Brian Morton

STUART HOOD
The Upper Hand
186pp. Manchester: Carcanet. £10.95.
0 85635 719 7

In *The Upper Hand*, Stuart Hood works some interesting and ironic variations on E. M. Forster's famous statement about the choice between betrayal of one's country or one's friends. John Melville's betrayals are, to begin with, small and casual, almost unthinking, but they are of the second sort condemned by Foster.

Son of a motherless Free Church manse, Melville moves through life with an odd detachment which is partly intellectual, largely emotional. At Edinburgh University he is recruited by the mysterious Mr Halcro to pass on gossip and hearsay about his left-wing student friends. This commands a small retainer and, more important, gives Melville an entrée into both the wartime Intelligence Service and peacetime political journalism. There is more than a hint of old Scottish antinomianism in his success, no sense that he feels the need to examine his motives and self-justifications.

That very Scottish theme ties in with another Forsterian one; for Melville is haunted by an alter ego, Colin Elphinstone. They both come from the Scottish North-east but Elphinstone is of landed stock, goes to public school and Oxford, and spends a war as romantically daring as Melville's is bureaucratically circumspect. Melville's narrative is characteristically unforthcoming, but his fierce blush at first meeting Elphinstone amid the dunes, together with the later testimony of disappointed women friends, are enough to establish that what he feels for the other man is a kind of hidden love.

An uneasy leftist, unambitious and unable to forge more than abrupt and cynical sexual contracts, Melville becomes obsessed with Elphinstone's casual charm and his media success. The underlying mystery, which he can't resolve, is Elphinstone's apparently passionate commitment to Communism, one that seems to run counter to any class interest. Was this a youthful caprice, or is it a deeper and more lasting engagement? Elphinstone's career is full of coincidences and unexplained associations; he may even be a spy and a traitor. Using equal parts of journalistic licence and the claims of old acquaintance, Melville begins to probe. The treasons he uncovers are largely his own.

As always with Stuart Hood, Marx has a small speaking part front-stage, while Freud runs the action behind the scenes. In his last novel, *A Storm from Paradise*, Marxist ideas played a less direct role and were, in any case, filtered through Walter Benjamin. There was, incanwhile, a rather programmatic psychoanalysis in progress. Here the reverse is the case. The backdrop of recent political history is too scant for the psychological drama being played against it; the links between political and sexual *malaise* are slightly clichéd. There are unhappy episodes from "Marx for Beginners".

Hood has, at least, never been afraid to introduce ideas – even those devalued by excessive familiarity and misprision – into his fiction. *The Upper Hand* becomes a kind of partially deconstructed intellectual thriller, more in the line of Raymond Williams's *Loyalties* than le Carré. Its success lies in its wholly Marxist conviction that ideas are always the masks of interest, whether economic, political or emotional.

Cruel illness

Patricia Craig

HELEN FLINT
Return Journey
204pp. Heinemann. £10.95.
0 434 26700 7

Return Journey, Helen Flint's first novel, deals with an extreme situation rather than telling a story. A young woman, Jane Wells, one week married, has flown to Canada in order to accompany her invalid mother back to England. Her mother is in the grip of some horrifying and unspecified illness, which has caused paralysis, speech distortion, inability to chew and swallow, a reduction in weight to five stone or thereabouts. During the flight from Nova Scotia to Heatbrow, Jane and her mother (whom someone has dressed in a turquoise suit) review the past, their own fraught relationship, the onset of the frightful disabilities. The sick woman's behaviour, as her condition worsened, made things tough for the rest of the family, who took themselves away from her, one by one: Jane, her father, her brother Tom.

Jane – the first-person narrator – goes back to the beginning, to her own earliest memories: Stoke Newington and some grievance of her mother's over a child's fancy dress; the moves, first to California and then to West Africa, as her father (a historian) takes up appointments at foreign universities; the oddness of America, where the family is menaced by bears and freak waves. Back home in London, Jana fails to stop her baby brother falling down a flight of twelve steps, an accident for which her mother unreasonably holds her to blame.

The tone in which all this is recounted is ferociously jaunty and forthright. "Tom, who is grown up now, doesn't find it possible to blame no one. So he blames you. You sitting there in your turquoise get-up. People have been ill before without being cruel", thinks Jano, before going on to consider some of the cruelties inflicted by her mother: instructing her son to go and play in the traffic, inventing infidelities on the part of her husband, calling her daughter dirty names, simply because they could gat about on their own two feet, while she could not.

This conjuring up of past enormities, along with brighter episodes and even some moments of hilarity, is supposed to function as therapy for the two women involved. While the invalid, an ex-nurse, is fed on baby food supplied by Air Canada, and gets Jane thinking about euthanasia, normal life proceeds on board the flight, with a drunken pilot and complaining passengers to keep things interesting. *Return Journey* – a Betty Trask Award winner, brought out by a publishing house that thinks "all right" is one word – is episodic, exuberant, and full of a stinging vitality.

Lines, ludes and Popper

Toby Fitton

WILLIAM DONALDSON
Is This Allowed?
271pp. Macdonald. £10.95.
0 356 12293 X

Is This Allowed? is told by an anonymous, intermittently prosperous Wykehamist author with a taste for "girls with mad legs and minds like soda water". He does a lucrative trade in "toilet books" with titles like *How to Be a Pint-Sized Romeo* and *The Noff Calendar*, churned out by the dozen for an undemanding Christmas market. He escapes from the domesticities of London for a spell at his flat in Ibiza with a girl hired for the week as a sexual companion. Among the packaged wallies of tha arrival lounge this shining-eyed girl, Melissa, proves outstanding, not least when her eyes shine the more brightly after her frequent visits to the powder room. She is of course as high as a kite on-lines of cocaine.

No stranger to drugs himself – the occasional mandy or lude – he is grabbed immediately by his "Princess", getting a vicarious buzz from her excesses. However much he believes, like all addicts, that he "can handle it", the new thrill she gives him has him completely hooked. "I'm the drug of your choice", she tells him, as he falls inevitably for the illusion rather than the reality.

Without drugs, Princess Melissa is a mere holidaymaker; with them, she can make a whole room dance. A failed impresario, it suits his style to show her off to the "refinue of twerps" he finds in the glitzier bars of Ibiza. By the time they return to London he is abjectly dependent. The plot that was in a holiday mood in the Mediterranean darkens rapidly at home. The book is loosely enough shaped to allow several pages of barely relevant lawsuit farce before the smart pushers arrive, bearing her pleasure in Rolls Royces, and a society drugs scandal is introduced as the freebasers start brewing up in their alembics.

By then she is a huddled, weepy little mess, but he still pours money into her, hoping to regain the personality he has imagined for her. Perhaps the narrator deserves to be ripped off. He is a smug fellow, precariously in touch with reality, dropping real names (Martin Amis, Anthony Powell, someone called Lord Dynevor) with much the same speciousness as he cites Canaletti and Neitzsche [*sic*] or quotes Popper to unimpressed girls in wine bars. For him autobiography and fantasy have become as inextricably mingled as in one of his private albums of pornographic snapshots.

It is fantasy that triumphs in this black comedy. "You'll never replace me", the Princess tells her victim, and he knows that the spiritual treatment prescribed for her will destroy his illusion for ever. Bitterly contemptuous of the ethic in which she dies, he is comforted that "the idea of her grows no smaller and I'll never want anyone else".

The last picture-shows

John Clute

ROBERT COOVER
A Night at the Movies or, You Must Remember This: Fictions
187pp. Heinemann. £12.95.
0 434 14390 1
RICHARD YATES
Cold Spring Harbor
182pp. Methuen. £10.95.
0 413 14420 8

When the Second World War began for the United States, Richard Yates was fifteen years old and Robert Coover was nine. They were both old enough to be haunted by the memory of that sunset of peace and seeming innocence. Both *A Night at the Movies* and *Cold Spring Harbor* are set at the beginning of the 1940s, though it might be more accurate to say that Coover's collection of post-modernist fables takes its sustenance from that period, and both books are elegies for that vanished world.

A brash foregrounding of language and special effects may initially conceal the frozen melancholy that permeates the tales collected in *A Night at the Movies*, but there can finally be no doubt as to the sadness in them. For a short while, pazzazz may seem to prevail. Coover replaces the normal table of contents with a "Program" which spiels the night's attractions in terms directly evocative of the cinema in 1940, and gives the impression that stories like "Shootout at Gentry's Junction", "Charlie in the House of Rue" or "You Must Remember This" should be read as formal displays of fabulist wit. But in "Shootout", Gary Cooper's archaic fragile rectitude fails to cope with a ribald adversary who incarnates chaos and death; in "Charlie", the bewildered ageing Charlie Chaplin of 1940 flounders deeper and deeper into a world where every prank brings death closer to real people; in "You Must Remember This", Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman engage in an obsessive sexual relationship that recasts *Casablanca* in terms that were inadmissible in 1942. These tales, and the interludes that separate them, are brazenly witty, but the homages they present are savagely disruptive of the veil of nostalgia through which it has become comfortable to view the safe past before the troubles began, cinema began to die, and the numbed audience awoke.

The movies of 1940 may work as solace for their viewers half a century later; for the citizens of 1940, they also served as models of the world. Throughout Richard Yates's novel *Cold Spring Harbor*, which is set on Long Island in 1942, a cinematic subtext constantly shapes everyone's behaviour, as well as their sense of what they ought to expect from adulthood, marriage, children, jobs. As in all of Yates's fiction since his first novel, the stunning *Revolutionary Road* (1961), these expectations are sapped by failures of luck, energy and purpose. As always in his work, almost everyone drinks too much, though no one remarks on the fact. As always, a kind of mental paralysis fixes everyone as in amber, even in these sunset years before the war.

The grind of everyday existence has gradually stripped young Evan Shepard of any dreams he may have had of a shapely life, just as bad luck and a stiff torpor have cost his father, Charles, the military career to which he had hoped to devote himself. Charles's wife has had a mental breakdown, and reproachfully haunts their small home in Cold Spring Harbor, which is a slightly down-market exurb of New York City. Gloria Drake, whose anodyne daughter Evan marries, is a compulsive talker, and the noise she makes deafens her to the small tragedies marring the lives she invades. Caught in parnlysed isolations, each lives alone, though surrounded; if Evan has aspirations, they dangerously resemble tales he may have picked up from the neighbouring movie house. When war comes, enr troubles disqualify him from service. He will see no action. Darkness begins to fall on Cold Spring Harbor and America.

Lives of such morose immobility should make for depressing rending, and much of Yates's work seems unbearably deterministic in its insistence on the erosions of living. *Cold Spring Harbor*, however, though it is minor Yates, has an almost bracing effect, quite probably because of the elegiac distance from which it is narrated. Though the faltering centre of the plot may be Evan Shepard and his incoherent, stumbling fall into an almost incestuous adultery, *Cold Spring Harbor*'s centre of consciousness is Evan's young brother-in-law, a character with little to do in 1940 except attempt to survive adolescence, but with a great deal to remember. If there is any hopefulness in this tale of entrapment and paralysis set so long ago, it may well be the implicit sense that one young boy managed to escape, and now manages to remember, through the pages of this book.

Boys on the brink

Christopher Hawtree

JAY PARINI
The Patch Boys
218pp. New York: Henry Holt. $15.95.
0 8050 0047 X

Perhaps owing to a jacket-painting of some healthy-looking lads at play in a river, *The Patch Boys* has found considerable success in the American "young adult" market. Yet on page sixty-nine, appropriately enough, practices are extolled that, committed on the premises, would lead to immediate expulsion. Be that as it may, Jay Parini, who is already known as a poet and critic, has written a novel that can be enjoyed for the first time at any age.

Not a great deal happens (it hardly could) in this account of a fifteen-year-old's summer in a Pennsylvanian mining town during 1925. The mines are there as a background, a threat of what might well lie ahead in an existence which, for the moment, is happily passed swimming in a river of questionable purity and, less equably, stifling erotic yearnings which focus on one Billie Maynard. That adolescent sense of being on the brink of discovering everything about the world has rarely been so well captured as it is here. Parini allows his first-person narrator, Sammy di Cartini, neither to indulge in irony at the expense of his younger self nor to let rip with torrents of rhapsodic, "poetic" recollection.

All is held in check by a prose that is no less vigorous for being finely controlled: the farce of a swim in the buff with Billie is duly balanced by the writing of verse of a fearful sincerity. A visit to a loan-shark brother in New York comes to an equally unfortunate, messy end and contrasts with the grim sweat of life below ground back home – all of it subject to the confession-box and Father Francis. The melodrama of the ending comes as an inevitable part of life in a town where forces are always present to quell those such as Sammy, who have gained a glimpse of the possibilities beyond it. "Whatever the world threw at me now, I would throw back in spades." It would be pleasing if a publisher, bent on grabbing a copy of *Spycatcher* at Kennedy Airport, made the small detour necessary to secure the English rights to this novel.

Art of the states

Linda Taylor

THOMAS McGUANE
To Skin A Cat: Stories
212pp. Secker and Warburg. £10.95.
0 436 27036 6
ANN BEATTIE
Where You'll Find Me and other stories
191pp. Macmillan. £9.95.
0 333 44683 6.

There's at least one song, they say, for every state in the USA. Increasingly, it seems, the short story in America is also producing a narrative voice for every state: Flannery O'Connor in Georgia, Eudora Welty in Mississippi, were only the beginning. Thomas McGuane hails from Montana, and the stories in *To Skin a Cat* are locally rooted: they are alive with cattlemen and duck hunters, and with the contrast between ranch life and small-town provincialism. There is a sense that the wild is only just tamed, that it might encroach at any moment – not just in terms of Nature "out there" but in the natures of the characters that McGuane describes. The narrator in "Like a Leaf", for instance, is first encountered under his house, poisoning rats. At the same time, he is listening to the conversation of a neighbour and his visiting mistress. The narrator, both disapproving and titillated, courts the mistress, discovers her to be a regular whore and ends up shooting her. This is frontier behaviour: rats or mistresses, you have to get rid of the homewreckers. "I represent civilization in a small but real way", says the narrator.

With so much potential unruliness, both out there and in here, there is a bid to stay on top. In the title story, Bobby Decatur admires falcons; but "if they get mites and little parasites", he says, "they lose their edge and can no longer win the game of survival". Bobby, at sea in a sophisticated, decadent world way outside of Montana, fails to take heed of his own knowledge about falcons. Like a character he might have seen on television back home in Deadrock, he has a "propensity not to be normal" and "sees himself as dangerous". In fact, Bobby is a wild boy with too much money: he dreams of being a pimp in San Francisco, because of the power he'll wield; without recognizing the mites and little parasites that will then destroy him.

McGuane is skilful at vividly conveying a series of escalating absurdities in which characters and events are out of control in a grotesquely funny way: the man who attempts a sexual assault on the dummy at a demonstration of emergency procedures in case of heart attack, for instance. There is a curious mixture of thuggery and conformity in the parochial lives that McGuane describes. He conjures a sub-civilization where conventional right and wrong do not always apply, where you can trade a daughter's illegitimate new-born baby to a childless judge in return for his finding in your favour at a court proceeding.

Ann Beattie's stories, set far away from cattlemen and hunters, rats and falcons on the relatively civilized East Coast, deal with a sweetly sad territory of domestic relationships: one of inevitable misunderstandings. Her narrative technique is in tune with how people recollect connections and mis-connections with others: "People forget years and remember moments. Seconds and symbols are left to sum things up." So, too, she goes on, in a story called "Snow", are single words: "What I remember about all that time is one winter. The snow. Even now, saying 'snow', my lips move so that they kiss the air."

Although "Snow" is the shortest and most schematic piece in *Where You'll Find Me*, its formula holds good for the other stories. Their narrators, telling about domestic scenes (a dinner, Christmas, a journey in a car), pay particular attention to details – of clothing, circumstance, gesture – vividly and realistically described. These intense juxtaposed images suggest loaded meaning. The point, in fact, is one about contingency: there is no meaning as such; the whole just happens to be composed of a set of random particles.

Events and characters in Beattie's stories are blurred, but the method is wholly convincing – it has the truth of the therapist's couch where images are conjured up and sifted. Unlike McGuane's, Beattie's "voice" is stateless; but she writes about the no-man's-land of feeling with cosmopolitan authority.

Matching hurt for hurt

Katherine Bucknell

DAPHNE MERKIN
Enchantment
288pp. Hamish Hamilton. £10.95.
0 241 12113 2

Enchantment describes a privileged upbringing in a large Orthodox Jewish family living in Manhattan. It offers an energetic, obsessively realistic picture of a childhood blighted by the failure of intimacy and physical affection. Daphne Merkin's narrator, Hannah Lehmann, is cared for not by her mother but by Lena, the maid. Family relations are remote, tinged by the puritanism of Orthodoxy; Hannah's parents sleep in separate beds, "in keeping with the laws". The most vivid physical experience Hannah recalls from childhood is seeing her brother spanked, and years later she finds her relations with men ruled by fear and excitement rather than affection.

As a child Hannah fervently wishes to belong to the kind of happy family she sees on television. She yearns for her mother, and as an adult she remains locked in this pattern of unrequitable desire. "In the end", she says, "there are no compensations for having felt yourself to be unloved." The spirit of Freud broods over *Enchantment* like the spirit of that past which Hannah cannot escape. The narrative is shaped like the fruitless sessions of analysis which begin when Hannah is still a young child. It wanders freely among the memories of childhood, adolescence and early adulthood. This seems a difficult way to structure a novel, yet Merkin's control is impressive. She almost fetishistically loads her story with detail, as reluctant as her narrator to let go any fragment of the past.

Merkin's control is also oppressive. Hannah seeks a partner who will see the past exactly as she sees it: "I would love to find someone whose memories matched mine, little hurt for little hurt." In a sense, her narrative tries to coerce the reader into this rule. As *Enchantment* bears relentlessly on, the reader looks in vain for any real development and, at the end, feels relieved to escape Merkin's grip.

Remainders

Eric Korn

Members of the Jury, you have seen the plaintiff's wife, Molly Bloom, in the witness box. Some of you may keep that image all your lives. You may ask yourself whether it is likely that the plaintiff, an artist, a man of affairs, and a man with a respected position in the life of his country and with a daughter at a supremely fascinating age, would throw oil this away for a brief bout of loveless commercialized sex in Nighttown. You may ask yourself whether it is not more probable that this fine man has been traduced by the doubtful witness of Cissy Caffery, Gerty MacDowell and a certain Bella/Bello; to say nothing of the evident malignity of one James Joyce, a renegade Irishman, manifestly untrustworthy, satirical and nearly blind whereas Molly what u fascinating I am of course impartial and undoubtedly fragrant under the Spanish with her breasts going all perfume I must not attempt to sway your judgment Yes I will Yes.

Gentlemen of the jury we are doubtless all very sorry for this Sonya but the facts remain that she is only a Russian tart and a female one at that while Mr Raskolnikov, a young man of great promise and self-confidence

Men of the Jury you have seen Sir John Falstaff in the witness box and

* * *

The BBC has an estimable programme called *What the Papers Say* (it seeks to tell you what the papers say), which these days reminds me more and more of Joyce Grenfell awarding prizes at a nursery school art exhibition while resolutely ignoring the fact that the entire schoolroom is disfigured by gigantic obscene and subversive graffiti. They tell you what this paper thinks about the Sunnis and the Shia and what that one thinks of constitutional issues in the Philippines and how they are practically unanimous in their concern with M2 money supply figures and you sip your coffee and think my! what a responsible press we do have, our constitutional freedoms are safe in their hands. Meanwhile in the real world two-thirds of the newspaper-buying, the daily-printed-material-buying public subsists, perhaps by choice, on nothing but vicars' knickers and royal romps and loony lesbian moors monster bingo fun. The river of information is pumped and desalinated and facsimilated and satellite-bounced around the world, but high up in the mountains the source is polluted by the same old dripping excrement, the same old dead sheep.

* * *

The foreign press, by contrast, has an unerring sense of news values. I have by me – as who does not? – a recent issue of *La Semana ni Servicio del Pueblo* (The Weekly Public Servant? A Week's Devotion to the Popular Cause? Seven Days of Doing Good to YOU?) of Tecate, Baja California (where the beer comes from), which leads with a story of universal appeal: "INHABITANT OF TECATE INJURED BY SHOT AS HE DESCENDS FROM HIS AUTOMOBILE TO URINATE". The opening paragraph of the story is a model of journalistic exploition: who? (José Ramón Uribe Paredes); when? (22.30); where? (corner of Avenida Mexico and 17th Street); no, where? (sorry, in the left arm); additional information, material but also picturesque, enabling reader to identify with subject of story? (to satisfy a physiological need).

The remaining paragraph is succinct. The injured person presented himself to the IVth Sector of the PJE (Simón Abitia Torres, Secretary) to make a report of his own free will. He accepted that he had made a human error but was driven to it by fuertes dolores in the estomago which obliged him to search for a place to irse al baño, notwithstanding (sin embargo) on lowering his pantalones he heard the detonation of a firearm and discovered that blood was running down his arm, because the bullet had struck him.

And there, admirably, without trivial detail, spurious background, vain speculation, or any species of lily-painting (ITS WHOOPS OLE AS JOSE SPENDS PESO) or refined-gold-gilding (BATHROOM BANDIDO BRINGS PANIC TO PUEBLO), we leave our hero, with a firm grasp of his stomach, his trousers, his bleeding left arm and the senseless cruelty of the universe.

* * *

If we are at the dawn of a bright new era of bookbanning, bookblockading and – who knows – bookburning, the noon will bring an ill wind of good to those who supply the precious commodity. The less free people are to speak, the more time they spend in bookshops and libraries. It is hard to ban so many books that there is nothing left for the dealer to deal in, but they had a brave try in what was then Rhodesia. I have here the list of banned books, periodicals and records as of year's end 1970, and it doesn't leave a whole lot to chance, starting with Abrahams's *Tell Freedom*, Aldiss's *Hand-Reared Boy* and the Beatles Lyrics illustrated by Alan Aldridge. Sex, race, and rock 'n' roll: the tripla motif is clearly stated in the opening bars. James Baldwin, Lenny Bruce and Jack Kerouc; *Hotel Orgy*, *The Liberation of Guiné*, *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me*. Anything by Burroughs, anything with the words Black or Sexual or Freedom or any combination of the same, anything (it appears) in Swedish. *Eros in Capricorn* never stood a chance, any more than *Not Now, Sweet Desdemona, If this be Sexual Heresy*, or *The Literature and Thought of Modern Africa*. A bar on the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, on Plexus and Sexus but not on Nexus, on Whitestone Glamour Books numbers 83, 84, 85, 86 and 87, and a surprising lot of rugby songs and jokes, whose publishers probably thought they were on to a nice safe little earner in Solisbury. No room either for *The Origin of the Brunists* or *Absolute Beginners*, *Why are we in Vietnam*, and *Sock it to me, Alice*; or (fine demonstration of impartiality) W. B. Huie's *The Klansman*.

The list is strangely nostalgic today, with the dusty icons of abandoned revolutions: Simon Vinkenoog and Franz Fanon, Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, Sheikh Newzawi and Gaia Servadio. Susann J., Robbins H. and Collins J.: whatever happened to them? The Ginger Man and Jan Cremer, Candy and Myra Breckinridge, all gone under the hill. The curtains have fallen on *O* as on *O! Calcutta*, and *Riot '71* no longer sounds like incitement.

You can hear the same music (those unheard are sweeter) in the list of banned records. *Hair* and Irish Rugby Songs, "The Freedom Singers Sing of Freedom Now" and The Who, "Je t'aime . . . moi non plus" (seven inches of grunting and panting) and "Why I am Ready to Die" by Nelson Mandela. But then 1970 is a long time ago.

* * *

It ill behoves, you may feel, someone who blunders about Pacific nations and their capitals to mock the errors of others, but I have always thought that I would prefer to be stoned by, as it were, fellow adulterers, than by a firing squad of those without sin (there might be fewer of them but their rocks would be given the added impetus of self-righteousness); or to put it another way, it would be a more sporting world if only people in glass houses threw stones. So I'm perfectly happy to jeer at one Michele Troelion whose catalogue contains or contained an offer of F. A. Dickinson's *Big Game Shooting on the Equator*, described as "a precoushy document with an introduction by T S Eliot". Precoushy, with its Slavic sonorities, is one of those words that subverts linguistic norms – likewise, you can't feel the same about the Woolfs when you learn that the Greeks render Bloomsbury as MPLOUMSMPOURI. But still more subversive I think is the notion of Eliot as a secret big-game hunter, a name spoken with respect in the old Dry Salvages, the best watering hole in Dar, where they remember with awe what he did to the broad-backed hippopotamus, his keen nostril for the subtle effluence of cat, and the still untold story of him and Francis Macomber.

Intellectuals in conflict

Michael Schmidt

The *Congrés Internacional d'Intellectuals i Artistes* in Valencia this June had a mission. Fifty years ago the Second Congress of Writers Against Fascism and in Defence of Culture, the legendary gathering of well-meaning and left-thinking writers, met in Valencia to express support for the Republican cause. The 1987 Executive Committee – including Fernando Savater, Jorge Semprún, Juan Goytisolo, Juan Cueto and Manuel Vázquez Montalbán – sent out invitations with a Manifesto which promised not a "mere commemoration, a self-satisfied evocation of the past . . . . It is time for a clarification of theory regarding the role of Intellectuals, the exact nature of their social commitment; time, at last, to delineate and denounce the injustices, however flagrant, of what was then a just cause."

The Manifesto divided sheep from goats. Rafael Alberti and Gabriel García Márquez cried off; the Official Russian Delegation was swept by a flu bug and unable to attend. Cuba did send an official delegation to complement the exiled Cuban writers – Heberto Padilla, Guillermo Cabrera Infante, Carlos Franqui and Marta Frayde – who were invited. In 1937 all delegations were official; in 1987 only one. Our Congress was of individual delegates, exiles and emigrés. The official Cuban delegation was an illuminating anachronism, an echo of 1937. There were other anachronisms from recent history and some victims of it – in the East European exiles, in Arab writers from North Africa, Lebanon and Iraq who brought their troubled world with them; and in the Dorian Gray figure of Daniel Cohn-Bendit, as rosy-cheeked as Hopkins's bugler, commanding the stage with the fervour of 1968, though his politics had undergone a mutation. These ghosts, and the victims of current turmoil, underlined a theme of the Congress: history moves at different paces in different lands: what is dead in Europe survives in the Arab world and in Latin America.

The members of the Executive Committee were political writers. During Franco's years they were active in radical circles, several in a Communist Party which expelled them. Under the monarchy they remain political. Yet they invited as President of the Congress a veteran of 1937 who was neither a Spaniard nor a Communist like Rafael Alberti, but a Mexican whose writing on the philanthropic ogre of bureaucratic socialism has raised the hackles of Iberian and Latin American Marxists ever since the 1950s when, in *Sur*, the Argentinian magazine, he aired the issue of Soviet labour camps and their implications for radical parties in Latin America. Octavio Paz was the logical choice for President of a Congress bent on "critical reflection", and his inaugural address challenged delegates with history, reminding us how the 1937 delegates were fired with righteous anger, but also with a hunger for violence; how their politics lacked experience and, despite passion, their humanity lacked innocence. Against the hubristic righteousness and full-throated engagement of 1937 he advanced two critical tools: humility and irony, which together reveal the intellectual's place in the order of things and the nature of his responsibility and witness. Mario Vargas Llosa and the urbane Chilean radical Jorge Edwards made brilliant contributions which extended these themes.

We had been promised Intellectuals and Artists. There were some outstanding writers among the 200 delegates, but few artists; the majority consisted of academic specialists in various fields. Sir Stephen Spender, another veteran of 1937, wondered whether the privileged man of letters, whose specialism as a writer granted him authority to speak on the great issues of the day, was a dinosaur, and the new intellectual was a specialist confined to his specialism. There certainly was a large academic contingent. Some had come expecting the kind of Congress where discussion and debate within their disciplines would occur. Members of the public, on the other hand, thronged the meetings in the new Palace of Music expecting drama and illumination. Veterans of the Republican armies of 1937 wanted reminiscence and justice – they still do not qualify for pensions. The organizers had not reckoned with an audience as large, diverse and impassioned as they got.

Executive Committee members attended events selectively, concentrating on the round-table discussions on the media, "Intellectuals and History", "Intellectuals and Memory", and "Intellectuals and Violence and the new Critical Consciences". Who can blame them – the nine major sessions lasted upwards of three and a half hours without respite (except for a bomb scare); contributors for the most part kept to set speeches. Everyone in 1987, as in 1937, spoke for the record. The media recorded each word and gesture. The Congress published massive Proceedings. The measured contributions of Peter Burke, Giovanni Levi, Giorgio Grassi, Stanley Tigerman, Antonio Tabucchi, Jaime Siles, Fawaz Traboulsi and Roger Bartra got rather lost. They spoke as though they expected discussion to follow.

At one level the Congress was boring. Speaking for the record, refusing to debate, insisting on keeping to set texts, the main contributors provided little open discussion. Their rhetorical styles, like different critical idioms, seldom made contact. When sessions were thrown open, invited delegates responded with scripted statements as well. Conflict was provided by the uninvited guests, the general public.

When the American publisher André Schiffrin asked why he had heard so much of Stalinism and so little about Nicaragua, El Salvador, Chile and Guatemala, he was wildly cheered. Mario Vargas Llosa delivered an attack on intellectuals who displace domestic dissatisfactions on to foreign policy and see the tragedies of different countries in stereotyped terms. He challenged American and European intellectuals to make common cause with the genuine democratic movements of Latin America. It was bad enough to suffer the inane foreign policy of the United States, when by a crude dialectic the intellectuals of the West grow indiscriminate, they serve the enemies of democracy. His call was for a critical, not a romantic, solidarity with genuine movements of reform in Latin America.

The final session, on "Intellectuals and Violence", was the most memorable. The "round table" which preceded the open debate had been crudely organized, with too many official speakers, among them two Cuban exiles and Daniel Cohn-Bendit. The official Cuban delegation had organized local sympathizers to discredit the exile Marta Frayde, who read a paper on human rights. As she began to speak, hundreds of mimeographed sheets circulated, denouncing her as a CIA agent. The session became heated. At one point Octavio Paz and Jorge Semprún almost came to blows with members of the audience. Two policemen appeared on stage. Daniel Cohn-Bendit, denied the right to speak by the Chair, plunged into the audience to establish his right to speak from the floor. He laid into the official Cuban delegation. How can a writer speak for a country? A writer can only speak for himself.

The Chairman narrowly saved the session from chaos. When he tried to make a concluding speech, words failed him. He was handed a piece of paper and announced that fourteen people had died in an ETA bomb incident in Barcelona. Suddenly our prattle was set in perspective. 1937 was not so far away. We were chased off the front pages and the evening TV news. Humility and irony should have been the lessons of the final session. Intellectuals occupy at best a marginal place. History runs here, but limps behind elsewhere; in another place it repeats itself time after time. Those of us who arrived in Valencia as ideological agnostics were confirmed in our lack of faith.

The Scottish Arts Council has recently announced that the Neil Gunn International Fellow 1988 will be the Canadian novelist Robertson Davies, author of the Deptford and Salterton trilogies. Mr Davies will deliver the Neil Gunn Lecture in Scotland in May 1988.

Letters

The Status of Psychoanalysis

Sir, – In his perceptive review of *The Spontaneous Gesture*, F. Robert Rodman's selection of letters by D. W. Winnicott, Peter Lomas (July 24) expresses views on the status of psychoanalytic theories that require comment. He writes that when assessing a scientific theory the personality of its author can be discounted: "but psychoanalysis is not a science, and anything that can help us to understand why its practitioners hold certain beliefs is worth considering." In view of the relevance of the psychoanalytic contribution to child development, it is essential that there should be adequate appreciation of its importance. For that purpose Lomas's remarks do a disservice, the more so as they come from a psychoanalyst.

All scientific theorizing is an imaginative process and so inevitably influenced by personal factors. In the so-called natural sciences the objective nature of the data makes it easy to judge the soundness of a particular theory. Because the data from psychoanalytic practice are both private and highly subjective, it is commonly held that psychoanalysis is thereby precluded from being a science, a view widely supported by Popper's dictum that its theories cannot be falsified. This latter statement is simply not true. Psychoanalytic theories have always been replaced when they have proved to be incompatible with fresh findings. A specific difficulty here is that whereas falsifying data can be obtained readily in laboratory experiments, ten to twenty years are required for analysts to assimilate and test new ideas in their practice. As a result changes are seldom noted by those outside the field.

The practice of psychoanalysis, like medicine, can never be primarily a scientific activity. It is a unique encounter in which two people combine to understand the self of one of them. The analyst has to make generalizations about behaviour at the personal level. Before Freud, views about human nature came mainly from the empathic and intuitive gifts of poets and writers. They will always make a unique contribution, one that we cannot dispense with, because of their sensitivity to the human scene. Freud's work created a method for extending the scope of conscious experience, but insights from practice are still produced by a poetic or creative imaginative activity. Winnicott is often described by analysts as having a highly poetic mind, yet a very large number of psychoanalysts and others are extremely grateful for his "beliefs" regarding the influence of the early family environment on the development of the person. Such insights are appraised and adopted in the light of further practice. Eventually they have to be transmuted by scientific procedures into validated knowledge.

Psychoanalysts have been notably slow in advancing this task. On the one hand it cannot be tackled adequately within the limitations of practice, but, perhaps more importantly, there has been a striking reluctance to replace Freud's assumptions based on nineteenth-century science by the modern biological theories that have made fundamental changes in the conceptions of what is scientific when the open systems that constitute living organisms come under closer scrutiny. The effect of their impact is well illustrated by John Bowlby's massive evidence built up over the past forty years. He has provided ample proof that theories about the early development of the person can be both verified and greatly enriched by studies using strictly scientific standards. His work arose out of his own creativity, and so it is the more significant that it supports almost all of Winnicott's "beliefs" despite the flaws in his personality that Lomas suggests should make for great caution in their adoption.

In the human sciences, the contributions of the poetic imagination, whether from the writer or the psychoanalyst, are the primary source of our advances. The task of examining them scientifically requires the practitioner to change his role to that of scientist. The clarifications in this issue of the nature of science and its relation to practice are now leading to knowledge of child development that is scientific by any standard, and those concerned with its application to the evolution of soundly based mental-health measures can be reassured of its status.

JOHN D. SUTHERLAND.
3 Gillsland Road, Edinburgh.

A Threat to Latin

Sir, – Like most other modern historians, I had no regrets of the demise of Latin as a compulsory qualification for British arts degree courses. Not only had Latin long ceased to be necessary for the study of modern history but, for many students, the struggle to obtain the qualification induced a lifelong hatred of the language. A narrow functional approach did not work.

Now one form of compulsion and narrow functionalism is apparently to be replaced by another. Pupils at state, though not at private schools, are to be prevented from studying the classical languages as part of the national curriculum, presumably because only modern languages are regarded as economically necessary for the future workers who attend state schools. Latin and Greek are fit subjects only for the fee-paying élite.

It is particularly ironic that, freed from their role as mere entrance qualifications, these languages are now enjoying a renaissance at schools and universities, based on new teaching methods and a genuine interest among children of all ability groups in the language and culture of the ancient world. Latin, Ancient History and Classical Civilization are all popular among children at my local Inner London Education Authority comprehensives.

A Secretary of State for Education who professes to believe in choice is now to remove the choice to study the origins of our language and civilization; let us trust that he will think again.

RODERICK FLOUD.
21 Savernake Road, London NW3.

'Ausgepowert'

Sir, – George Steiner may well be right in criticizing Rainer Marwedel for using inappropriate language in his biography of Theodor Lessing (June 26). In citing *ausgepowert*, however, he does him an injustice. The word is not a neologism but has been part of the German political vocabulary for well over a century. It is not derived from the English *power* but from the French *pauvre* and is pronounced accordingly. It should therefore be rendered as "impoverished" rather than as "exhausted".

As the German princess is said to have remarked on the social question during Bismarck's time: "Die Armut kommt von der powerteh."

INGO MUSSI.
Tyrgatan 10, S-114 27 Stockholm.

Poets of Protest

Sir, – Christopher Hitchens (American notes, July 24) quotes Joseph Brodsky's characterization of Yevtushenko as "a weather vane. He throws stones only in directions that are officially sanctioned and approved." But it was Yevtushenko who swam against the unabating tide of antisemitism in Russia under Khrushchev by writing, declaiming and publishing *Babiy Yar* (the ravine where some 70,000 Jews were massacred by the Nazis). The same régime that indicted and exiled Brodsky in 1964 had censured and censored the following protest by Yevtushenko three years earlier:

Let the Internationale thunder
when the last anti-Semite on earth
is buried forever.
In my blood there is no Jewish blood.
In their callous rage all anti-Semites
must hate me now
as if I were a Jew.
And for that reason
I am a true Russian.

If Yevtushenko has softened or been softened since, is it necessarily that much more "unseemly and scandalous" than throwing stones at the author of such lines? The problems confronting a public figure in the Soviet Union must be quite different from those of a celebrated transatlantic intellectual, however shattered by past oppression or continuing deracination. Different, but possibly as complex and probably less negotiable.

Neither Brodsky nor Yevtushenko could seriously represent "all Russian poets", as Brodsky claimed Yevtushenko's membership of the American Academy suggests. But there are deeper senses in which any poet's words and actions represent poetry. If our work is to be valued as a harbinger of imagination, beauty and truth, let there be honour among poets.

MICHAEL HOROVITZ.
Poetry Olympics, Bisley, Gloucestershire.

Browning Translations

Sir, – Ian Jack says that the misattribution to Robert Browning of ten translations from Anacreon was corrected in 1984 in *The Browning Collections* (Letters, July 31). However, the information was first published in 1982, in the introduction to the Brownings' extant literary manuscripts compiled by Barbara Rosenbaum in the *Index of English Literary Manuscripts*, Volume 3, part 1, page 107. The Huntington manuscript of "Aeschylus' Soliloquy" is also discussed there, with a facsimile provided as Plate 6.

MARGARET M. SMITH.
18 St John Street, Oxford.

Philip Larkin

Sir, – I have been asked by Faber and Faber to write a biography of Philip Larkin, and have the authorization of his executors. May I, please, through your columns appeal for anyone who has memories of or information about Philip Larkin to contact me at the address below?

ANDREW MOTION.
10 Montague Road, London E8 2HW.

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

Nigel Barley is Assistant Keeper for West Africa in the Museum of Mankind, and the author of *The Innocent Anthropologist: Notes from a mud hut*, 1983.

W. G. Beasley was formerly Professor of the History of the Far East at the University of London, and Head of the Japan Research Centre at the School of Oriental and African Studies. His most recent book, *Japanese Imperialism, 1894–1945*, was published earlier this year.

Carmen Blacker is a lecturer in Japanese at the University of Cambridge. Her *The Catalpa Bow: A study of Shamanistic practices in Japan* appeared in 1975.

David Chandler is Research Director of the Centre for South East Asian Studies, Monash University, Victoria, Australia. His *History of Cambodia* was published in 1983.

Chinweizu's books include *Decolonising the African Mind*, which was published earlier this year.

Robin Cormack is Reader in the History of Art at the Courtauld Institute, London, and the author of *Writing in Gold: Byzantine society and its icons*, 1985.

Filippo Doninl was formerly Director of the Italian Institute in London.

Mary Douglas is Visiting Professor of Anthropology, Religion and Sociology at the University of Princeton. Her books include *Risk Acceptability According to the Social Sciences*, 1985, and *Constructive Drinking*, 1986.

John Fuggles is Libraries Adviser to the National Trust.

John Gage is a Fellow of Wolfson College, Cambridge. His *J. M. W. Turner: A wonderful range of mind* was published earlier this year.

Geoffrey Goodwin is Librarian of the Royal Asiatic Society. His *A History of Ottoman Architecture*, 1971, was reissued in paperback earlier this year.

Anthony Hobson's books include *Apollo and Pegasus: An enquiry into the formation and dispersal of a Renaissance library*, 1975, and *The Art and Life of J. W. Waterhouse 1849–1917*, 1980.

James Kirkup is Professor of Comparative Literature at Kyoto University of Foreign Studies.

Eric Korn is an antiquarian bookseller in London.

Mary Lefkowitz's *Women in Greek Myth* was published last year.

Cyril Mango is Bywater and Sotheby Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek Language and Literature at the University of Oxford. His latest book is *Le développement urbain de Constantinople*, 1985.

Nicholas Mann is a Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Romance Editor of *Medium Ævum*.

Alastair McAuley is Senior Lecturer in the Department of Economics at the University of Essex. He is the author of *Women's Work and Wages in the Soviet Union*, 1981.

Julian Moynahan is Professor of English at Rutgers University, New Jersey.

Heather O'Donoghue is a Fellow of Somerville College, Oxford.

Heiko A. Oberman is Professor of History at the University of Arizona. His most recent book is *Die Reformation von Wittenberg nach Genf*, 1986.

Richard Osborne's Master Musicians *Rossini* appeared last year.

Tim Parks's novels include *Tongues of Flame*, 1985, and *Loving Roger*, 1986. He has translated several Italian novels into English.

Tom Paulin's new volume of poems, *Fivemiletown*, will be published in the autumn. He is the editor of *The Faber Book of Political Verse*, 1986.

Malcolm Rogers is Deputy Director of the National Portrait Gallery.

Michael Schmidt's books include *Some Contemporary Poets of Britain and Ireland*, 1984, and *Choosing a Quest; New and selected poems*, 1981.

Kevin Sharpe's *The Personal Rule of Charles I, 1628–42* will be published shortly.

Allen Staley teaches Art History at Columbia University. He is the co-author of *The Paintings of Benjamin West*, published last year.

Lynn Struve is an Assistant Professor in the Department of History at Ballantine Hall, Bloomington, and a specialist in seventeenth-century Chinese history.

J. B. Trapp is the Director of the Warburg Institute. He edited *The Apology of Sir Thomas More*, 1979, and the catalogue of the More exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery in 1977–8.

Robert Wells's *Selected Poems* was published in 1985.

Andrew Wilton is Curator of the Turner Collection, Clore Gallery.

Malcolm Yapp's books include *Strategies of British India: Iran and Afghanistan 1798–1850*, 1980.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON

The TLS of August 15, 1912, carried a review of Stewart Grahame's Where Socialism Failed, *from which these extracts are taken:*

This is a curious and interesting account of a Socialistic colony established by Australians in South America about twenty years ago. The author says in his introduction that he "slept over five hundred nights in a mud hut at New Australia", the name given to the settlement . . . . The founder, William Lane, was evidently a very remarkable man . . . . a sincere, ardent, and disinterested believer in the principles of Socialism, endowed with a "magnetic personality". He first came into prominence at the time of the London dock strike of 1889. He was then an influential Socialistic Journalist in Australia, and the contribution of £30,000 sent to the dock labourers from Brisbane is said to have been raised mainly by his efforts. The followers whom he collected to be the pioneers of his Utopia beyond the sea were "the pick of the working men of Queensland and New South Wales", "tank-sinkers, shearers, bush carpenters, station-hands, with artisans used to the rough-and-tumble life of Australia". No better material for a settlement in a new country could be imagined. As the site of the colony Mr Lane obtained from the Government of Paraguay a hundred leagues of land, fertile, well-wooded, well-watered, conveniently situated, and healthy. Everything seemed to promise well; and the colonists looked forward to the enjoyment of an earthly paradise, unvexed by capital, competition and the wages system. These hopes were doomed to disappointment . . . . Questions such as those sometimes put to apostles of Socialism by practically-minded inquirers – Who will do the scavenging and the washing up? – were not found to be easy of solution . . . . In 1899 William Lane returned finally to Australia; and the Socialistic principle was soon afterwards practically abandoned . . . .

COMMENTARY

Flow of fancy, depth of study

John Gage

Drawing in England from Hilliard to Hogarth
British Museum, until August 31

When Horace Walpole claimed, in the preface to his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, that "Flanders and Holland have sent us the greatest men that we can boast", he had in mind very much the period represented by this splendid exhibition, whose euphonious title might lead us to expect a high proportion of native English talent, but whose content presents the work not only of many Netherlanders, but also of Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, and a Swede and a Spaniard as well. This means, perhaps (as Walpole also suspected), that there was no lack of patronage in seventeenth-century England, especially at Court, but that there was little provision for training artists until, in 1711, Sir Godfrey Kneller (a German) set up an informal academy in London, the first of the several which provided a forcing-ground for the rising British School.

Drawing was of course the fundamental of academic teaching, and this exhibition includes a number of "academy-studies" from these later years, notably a beautifully soft and relaxed chalk-drawing of a woman by Hogarth, who pointed out that the Vanderbank-Cheron Academy, off St Martin's Lane, where he studied, first introduced the female nude model to make it "the more inviting to subscribers". But drawing in this narrow sense is not what Lindsay Stainton and Christopher White, the arrangers of the exhibition and the authors of its richly illustrated and scholarly catalogue (255pp. British Museum Publications, £12.50 during the exhibition, £14.95 thereafter, 0 7141 1629 7) understand by the term, and they have cast their net very widely to include watercolours and pastels, a miniature by Hilliard and even a very painterly unfinished oil-sketch by Hogarth. There is, too, something of a disjunction between the Italianate theory of drawing in England, discussed by Christopher White in the catalogue, and the more workaday, utility drawings – for portraits, for book-illustrations, for topography, for architecture and sculpture, – which we see. We find that artists in England rarely shared Roger North's view that

> drawings are observed to have more of the spirit and force of art than finished paintings, for they come from either flow of fancy or depth of study, whereas all this or great part is wiped out with the pencil [brush], and acquires somewhat more heavy, than is in the drawings.

The empty bravura of Van Dyck or Kneller here has little either of "fancy" or "depth of study" and these qualities must be sought in far obscurer figures like the pastel-portraitist John Greenhill, or the remarkable Charles Beale, whose album of red chalk drawings, from the British Museum's own collection, can, alas, be shown extensively only in the catalogue. Beale, the son of a gifted portrait-painter, Mary Beale, made many studies of ordinary people "in character", which in their sometimes rather clumsy vigour remind us of Georges de la Tour. In him we see early signs of that "originality" which, in the strident propaganda of Hogarth, was to stamp the British School during the eighteenth century and in the Romantic period. Another "original", who, none the less, falls perilously close to the stereotype of Dutch bohemianism established in this century, is Isaac Fuller, whose coarse but very striking pen-and-ink self-portrait is witness to unconventional techniques and experimentation common to a number of English artists in the exhibition. Sir Peter Lely is reported as lamenting of Fuller, who liberally patronized the sauce taverns he decorated with mythological subjects, "that so great a genius should hesot or neglect so great a talent".

In the realm of "fancy", Sir James Thornhill can certainly be seen in this exhibition to outshine in drawing as well as in painting his chief rivals as monumental decorators, Antonio Verrio and Louis Laguerre. One of its pleasant surprises is the demonstration of a strong and continuous tradition of Baroque decoration in Stuart England, from the masque settings of Inigo Jones to the great public and private schemes – for Chatsworth, for Petworth, for Greenwich Hospital – around the turn of the century. Thornhill's sprightly pen-and-wash studies for the ceilings of Wren's St Paul's show a firmness of composition as well as a surcness of execution which he may well have transmitted to his son-in-law, Hogarth. But although Hogarth learned much about large-scale figure-painting from Thornhill, he alone was able to carry this freshness of approach over into the handling of paint itself.

Not surprisingly, landscape turns out to have been a major field for draughtsmanship in seventeenth-century England. Hilliard's distinguished contributions to English scenery are in his Elizabethan work, and therefore outside the scope of this exhibition; and although Isaac Oliver might appropriately have contributed to it, the miniaturist tradition is represented here only by a late and daintily naïve watercolour of a pollard oak in Sussex by one John Dunstall. Otherwise the range is predictably various, from the blot-like study of moonlight by Inigo Jones (based on an engraving after Elsheimer) and one of a mysterious and beautiful group of gouaches depicting corners of woodland which used to be attributed to Van Dyck, but now seem to be closer to Frans Wouters, to Hollar's large tinted topographic prospects of Tangier (then an English outpost), and a strange and even more meticulously "primitive" pen-drawing of a scene on the Rhine by John Talman, son of the architect. Among the most beautiful is Francis Place's "Dropping Well, Knaresborough, Yorkshire", in brown pen and grey wash, where the artist has sought, and found, graphic equivalents for those contrasts of texture, light and atmosphere which were to become such a preoccupation of English watercolourists a century later.

Self-portrait by Isaac Fuller (1606?–1672), from the exhibition reviewed here.

The exhibition, which makes us constantly want to look forward, closes with the earliest work of Hogarth, whom Lindsay Stainton, with pardonable exaggeration, characterizes as "the first British-born artist of undeniable genius". If he was not heir to anything like a tradition of English draughtsmanship (and was not himself a very romarkoblo draughtsman), this exhibition shows that he bad behind him a body of oxcellent and varied drawing produced on these shores.

Tho exhibition can be seen at the Yale Center for British Art in New Hsven from September 19 to November 8.

An abundance of incident

Richard Osborne

FRANCESCO CONTI
Don Chisciotte in Sierra Morena
GAETANO DONIZETTI
Il Pigmalione
GIOACHINO ROSSINI
L'occasione fa il ladro
Opora House, Buxton

"Mainly Spain" waa the artistically tenuous tbeme of the ninth Buxton Festival. A children's workshop production of Manuel de Falla's *El retablo de maese Pedro* and on opera taken from Cervantes hy a Vionna-based Florentine hardly constitute a festival of Spanish art; though the enterprising fringe programme included recitnls by Vietoria de las Angeles and Marisn Roblos, and a celebration of tho music of the court of Alfonso X by the Martin Best Ensemble, all of which, holped by a stendy flnw of Rioja, managed to conjure sonte semblance of a festivo mood under the prevailingly gloomy Derbyshire skies.

Conti's *Don Quixote in Sierra Morena*, performed here in u new English translation by tho conductor, Anthony Hose, was written for the carnival at the Viennese Imperial Court in 1719. It became Conti's most celebrated work, not so much, one suspects, because of the quality of the musical invention as because of the opera's abundance of incident and closeness to Cervantes in the episodes it treats. Conti's libretto (thought to be hy Apostolo Zeno and Pietro Pariati) attempts to give to the Cervantes narrative something of the pace and energy we associate with Shakespeare's Plautine comedies. With high and low-life characters, a quartet of lovers, and Quixote's misadventures with u shaving-bowl, a puppet show, wine-skins, and the Giant Pandafilando, the plotting is complex, the evening lengthy, well over three hours even without the original ballet music.

It is too lengthy, perhaps, given the absence in the music of the time of those larger forms that gather and redirect dramntic energies, though Conti's often inventive use of recitative and his willingness to move the action forward even within the strait-jacket of the *da capo* aria to some extent alleviate the problem. Tho end is worth waiting for, the caged Quixote, quirkily noble to the last, addressing us with a mixture of pathos and zany energy that, for onee, the music distils admirably from the Cervantes text.

Michael Geliot's production, functionally though not unattractively designed by Roger Butlin, has divided opinion between those who cannot tolerate pantomime and slapstick in eighteenth-century *tragicommedia* and those who, detecting some elements of self-parody in the text itself, aro prepared to allow a little licence. It is difficult to take serious objection to Andrew Dalton's wicked Prince Fernando in Panama hat, mafioso suit, and Elizabethan ruff, or the Barbara Windsor-liko serving wonch of Moryl Drowor. Some of the by-play was inept, however, and there were times whon the production got in tho way of suhtler characterization. Eirinn Davies's Lucinda, brassily extrovert in a quasi-Arcodian mie, was one of the production's casualties: Timothy Wilson, hy cnntrast, largely escaped to give a generally distinguished performance of the rnmantic counter-tenor lead. Neill Areher's Quixote had rather too much the air of Ruhert Duriat's Mr Chips, hut the closing scenes were done with dignity, and whitever the distractions on stage, the playing of the Manchester Camerata under Anthony Hose rarely faltered through what was a lnng, eventful, often tiresome but ultimately rewarding evening.

The Rossini/Donizetti double bill, nnra Latin than Hispanic, made up the festival's other major operotic offering. Among early Rosslui nnte-aeters *L'inganno felice* is a fuller, subtler piece in urgent need of revival, but the choice nf *L'occasione fa il ladro* ('The occasion makes the thief) for performance in Buxton's delightfully intimate Opera House was a shrewd one. Rossini's seventh operatic commission, wedged between the substantial *La pietra del paragone* and the masterly *Il Signor Bruschino*, it is amusing, vivacious, substantial though not over-long, and relatively easy on the budget: just six characters and no chorus, a significant consideration for a festival, even one as expert in winning sponsorship as Buxton currently is. If Buxton made a mistako, it was thinking it too brief a piece to fill an evening.

The preface here was Donizetti's *Il Pigmalione*, an early academic exercise written for Padre Mattei under Mayr'a influence. Despite at least one generous melodic outburst and a charming ritornello for flute and strings as Pygmalion contemplatea his statue, the piece, though musically continuous, is not stageworthy, something exacerbated by Buxton's clumsy treatment of the statue (Jean Rigby to Jeffrey Talbot's Pygmalion) and historically wayward use of back-projections of drawings by Max Ernst.

The effect of *Il Pigmalione* was to throw tho Rossini into oven sharper relief. The plot of *L'occasione fa il ladro* is slight but neat. Count Alberin, who ia travelling to Naples to see for tho first timo his rich bride-to-bo, loses his luggage in a mix-up *en route* to an old adventurer, Don Parmoninne, who decides to travel to Naples to impersonato the luggageless, passport-bereft Count. Since the brido-to-be has alsn decided on impersonation, swapping rolos with her maid Ernostina the botter to judge hor would-behusband, there are many possibilitios for farcical mnnoouvrings. Rossini's response to the llhrotto is quick-witted and economical of gesture, the mordant orchestral accompaniment often quietly guying tho fevered declamnlion nf the uhnracters.

All this needs the readiest responao from the stage director. Timing is everything, as is an ability to use every scrap of the scoro – a dominant seventh hore, a long-drawn *fermata* thore – for comic effect. Malcolm Fraser's production achieved all this: witty, spirited, sharp-edged; let us hope that his new appointment in Cincinnati will not remove him entirely from the festival he has so notably inspired since its inception in 1979. Roger Butlin's designs shift the first scene from an inn to a mid-Victorian railway station, whose elegant arches are later transformed into port of the atrium of Don Eusebio'a Neapolitan villa. Later, we move into his billiord-room, on extra scene-change not contemplated by Rossini, but expertly used by Mr Fraser who put the sacred bslze to uses unfamiliar even to Hurricane Higgins.

The Buxton cast was consistently effective. The comic double-act of Gordon Sandison's Parmenlone and Steven Page's lanky, paranoid servant, Martino, worked splendidly, and John Robertson was an amiable Eusebio. New to Britain is the young Latin American *tenor di grazia*, Abram Morales. He lacks as yet the liquid brilliance of a Juan Oncina or the young Nicolai Gedda, but he has the notes even if the tone is inclined to bo metallic. Jean Rigby, dauntingly alluring the moment she removed her steel spectacles and donned her mistress's gown, was a commanding Ernestina, no mere *seconda donna*. The ovoning was also a triumph for the talontod young Claire Daniels; a late roplacement, who saized her opportunity brilliantly in the dénouement where Rossini's predilection for ending with his leading lady very much centre-stage is more than hioted at.

Alan Froedman's translation is expert and lively and only once or twico reduced to quaint circumlocution to koep up with Prividali's furious rhyming. Anthony Hoso conducted with the right dogroo of unaffected direciness. Curiously, this was Buxton's first attempt at Rossini, a composer they should cultivate now that Glyndobourne has more or less ditched its once groat tradition of Rossini interpretation.

Opera and the Uses of Language by Sandra Corse (160pp. Farleigh Dickinson University Press/Associated University Presses, 25 Sicilian Avenue, London WC1A 2QH. £14.95, 0 8386 3300 5) oxamines six major operas by Mozart, Verdi and Britten. Corse maintains that the composors wore closely concerned with the literary sources for their works, taking "a semi-literary form, tho librotto, and adding literary 'language' in tho form of music, and using the resources of music to pull the language of their librettos out of commonplace simplicity and into multivalence".

Going by the book

Lynn Struve

As in Taoist paradoxes, some of the best things result from some of tho worst in China. Although many who rido the 103 bus along Wenjing Street oach day are headed to or from the National Beijing Library, there is no stop near the lion-flanked outor gate of the imperiously broad and symmetrical library compound (tbe former grounds of the Emperor's stables). This, I was told, is because the offices of high government officials are located in the (also thickly walled) compound directly across the street, and a bus stop would pose a nuisance, as well as an unnecessary seeurity risk. Thus, one alights from tho 103 about a quarter of a mile away – but perhaps tho most refreshing quarter-mile anywhore in the distinctly unrefreshing city of Beijing.

I always used that walk to compose my thoughts and feelings boforo entering the library labyrinth, in which minor lapsos of attention to myriad procedures, regulations, request forms and points of etiquette could result in the loss of hours or days In research time, the loss of allor port of someone's "face", or, worst of all, the loss of one's tomper, which, of course, would be proof patent of barbarism and cause only further frustration. Thiuk: How many pockets, of what capacities, am I wearing today? Which ones, respectively, will accommodate the bag-chock tally, tho maindoor tally, tho photoduplication tally, the periodicals-desk tally, tho rare-books tally and the two tallies I will need to enter and exit the new wing? – not to mention my ID, coin purse, comb, handkerchief, toilet paper, thermos of boiled water, pencils, pencil-sharponer, notes and notepaper (sinco no purse, brief-case or zip folder may be brought into tbe cavernous but confining cluster of two-storey buildings).

How many such tallies and other items will have to be held by any ono pocket at any given time? For instanco, the photodup tally must be surrendered to redeem tho periodicals-desk tally, which must be surrendered to redeem tho main-door tally, which must be surrenderod in order to cross tho front courtyard and use the lavatory (embedded in tho outermost wall), or to go somewhero during the two-hour noontime "rest" period takon by most of the staff. Will the midday sun be warm enough to eat my *biandang* (the Chinese "brown-bag" lunch – mostly cold, cooked rice and leftovers in a small tin box) seated on one of the kneeling, marble beasts in tho courtyard? Will there be another impromptu English class today in tho lobby – where several patrons (usually translators looking for scientific and technical materials In Western languages) often gathor round the lady professor from the "Beautiful Country" (*Meiguo*), who obligingly explains in Chinese tho fine points of Amorican usago while sipping lunchtime tea?

It's already 8.15 am. Will there be any seats left in tho cramped Rare Books Reading Room? Will a functioning microfilm reader fall vacant, by chance, or will I have to wait for my reservation (made for the earliest free time, three weeks hence) to como duo? What if none of the books that I requested yesterday, or the day before – and which must be retrieved from depositories in other parts of town – has been found? (The idea of open stacks boggles the Chinese mind, as the parlour game of tollies boggles mine.) How could I, without effrontory, persuade them to look again, considering that there are no available catalogues for the materials I want (mostly Chinese books and periodicals published before 1949, the year of the Communist Revolution), and my requests, thus, usually are "blind"? What if the books that *have* been found aro kept from my grasp by those new staffers who still don't "understand circumstances" and woodenly insist that materials stamped "Internal [that is, domestic] Circulation [only]" may not be read by foreigners, oven ones who have the cheek to stand there and point out, "*I . . . am . . .* inside . . . this . . . country!" Or will I deal again today with that conscientious young man at the Social Sciences counter, who last week sheepishly but forthrightly handed over a vivid reminder of the tyrannies of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution: a laudatory biography, written in the 1950s, of a famuus seventeenth-century patriotic martyr, which, for reasons best explained by specinlists in the arcana of Communist Chinese historiography, had its title-page covered with the following "Highest Directive" (in fuchsia):

> All mistaken thinking, all poisonous weeds, all ox-and-serpent demons should be subjected to criticism and absolutely not be allowed to freely spread around. This book is written according to a feudalist and capitalist-class viewpoint. It wholly repudiates use of the proletarian viewpoint as a standard in evaluating historical figures . . . .

Contrary to an impression among Westerners who have gone to China for reasons other than sightseeing, I do not believe that the Chineso generate regulations just to thwart the "big-nosed, hairy ones". Indeed, in most situations, and particularly in libraries, I observed that regulations were used to thwart the natives much more than they were to thwart me, the privileged "foreign guest". Moreover, the majority of irritating restrictions arise from a long-standing condition in China, which many Westerners understand abstractly, but which very few understand experiontially: chronic scarcity – that is, a severely adverse ratio of population to resources, of demand to supply. Libraries are especially hard-pressed because of the traditional emphasis on literacy and the thirst for education, coupled with the shortage of good books published domestically and the difficulty of obtaining new books from abroad (in both cases, for a combination of economic and ideological reasons). Hence, the Chinese obsession with the possibility of theft of or from library materials, in spite of policies that limit patronage.

Although it is a "people's" library in that It serves tho whole Chinese oation in some capacities (such as preserving at least ono copy of almost everything published in China), tbe NBL is not a "public" library in the sense of being open to everyone. On my first day there, escorted by a representative of my "host unit" (a historical research institute, which had initiated application procedures for me two weeks earlior), a Chineae man shot a question over my shoulder to the impassive functionary who prepared library identification cards behind a small, square aperture: "Do you process any individual IDs?" "No. Absolutely nono", was tho aharp reply. Tho seeker then loft, looking disappointed but not surprised. I pondored that simple exchange for some time before realizing that the patrona whom I was about to join were not individual readors but agents of various production or education units, which had applied for access to the library becauua of certain attestatilo unit needs. Corrasponding, Infringements of the written and unwritten rules affect not just single persons, but whole groups. How during of my host unit, I thought, to entrust me with upholding the institute's reputation in those venerable precincts!

Access to anything desirable in China, especially informatioo, is determined by one'a "qualifications", whicb are established (or undermined) In a whole spectrum of ways from tbe most overt to tho most subtle. Of course, there are the application forms, which indicate one's bome institution, academic rank (very important in hierarchical Chinese society) and host onit, which occupies a certain place in the domestic pecking order. Amoug mandatory accompanying documents are a statement of one's researeh topic and a list of specific titles sought at the library, both of which should be formulated as carefully as were memorials to the imperial throne. A topic too broad will suggest that one is on a "fishing expedition", whereas a topic too narrow can result in certain materials being withheld as outside the range of one's authorized inquiry. The list of titles should not be indiscriminately long, nor so short that the library night claim it has nothing you need. That would spell an early end to one's quest, since there is no admittance for browsing.

Successful running of the admissions gauntlet gets one through the front door but does not guarantee the maximum of permissible access. That requires establishing eredence with the staff members, who are keen to discern whether one is a real scholar, by Chinese lights. Western researchers who can scarcely emit a phrase of Mandarin without faltering or strewing malapropisms, and whose calligraphy looks like a parody of the scratches left on oracle bones, but who, nevertheless, expect to be treated with respect by the staffers, engage in a self-defeating form of cultural obtuseness. Moreover, the spoken and written languages are only somewhat more important than the body language: does she cultivate that deferential Confucion stoop and blond tone of voice, refrain from gross gestieulations and facial expressions, exude o mild affability yet seriousness of purpose, and handle old books with a care hordering on reverence (regardless of how the staffers throw them about)? If one evinces a sincere willingness to learn, to abide by the rules and never ask why, then doors and drawers open, texts and goodwill circulote, in an atmosphere auffused with the aroma of preservotive camphor.

The overubundance of regulatinns in Chino is generated by pervasive fears of censure or of disorder, which have deep cultural causes: regimentation to the Chinese is simply a lesser evil. But, in my experionce, they seemed to love ignoring the rules, when it was thought safe to do so. Once, (not having got anywhere by citing recent evidence to the contrary), I had acquiesced in the unit head's claim that absolutely no rare item was permitted to be copied in its entirety, and had grudgingly ordered a partial, paper copy from the microfilm of one cord-bound, seventeenth-century chronicle. When I returned on the appointed day (weeks earlier than the rules stipulated) to pay the fee and take possession, I found that tho copy-boy had reproduced not only the entire work, but also the entire set in which the work survivod; moreover, he had figured the coat of the job at a much lower rate thon should have been applied for a raro item of that sort. Te ladios who supervised that unit soon figured out just what had happened. "Should I return the extro parts, or pay an additional fee?" I asked, baldfaced. "No, no. Congratulations!" they whispered hoartily, barely controlling thoir laughter. And off I hastened.

Often problems such as this one arise because lower-level service personnel cannot actually read, or do not adequately understand tho nature of, old editinns and manuscripts, or, indeed, anything not written or printed in tbo simplified characters that became standard in tho People's Republic of China In the mid-1950s. In fact, not only are most pre-1949 writings kept off-limits to the overage citizen, but even those who do have access – for instance, professional historians – can read them only with difficulty or after special training. Both "complicated" characters and the grammatical structures in which they take on meaning in traditinnal-style scholarly writing (*wenyen*), are now alien even to most graduates of colleges and universities. Because the Communist Revolution, stigmatized anything associated with intellectuals and encouraged people to write exactly as they spoke (that is, in reams of prolix jargon), cultural institutions such as libraries and museums had to begin schooling their employees in *wenyen* when operations resumed again in the late 1970s. Such a thorough severance of educated Chinese people from everything in their literary heritage has not occurred since the third century BC, and thus marks the end of probably the longest and richest case of lexicographical and semantic continuity in world history.

Literacy in *wenyen*, however, is easier to regain than bibliographic erudition. Instruction in the identification, authentication, reconstruction, cataloguing and use of old books was so long interrupted that there is little prospect of full recovery. One morning shortly after I began working at the NBL, I was summoned to meet a renowned, elderly bibliographer there. He apologized for not seeing me sooner, and explained that, being retired, he usually came to work only three days a week. In reply to my expression of admiration for his stamina and dedication, he said, "I *have* to come. We receive reference queries here from all over the country, and I'm the only one who knows the old materials." Preservation skills and bibliographical scholarship in China hove improved markedly since that time, a scont three years ago. But the losses – due to the destructions and dislocations of the Anti-Japanese War, as well as to civil war and other domestic political upheavals – have been great. One especially rare and valuable history held at the NBL, which was on my short list of "must-find" items in the People's Republic of China, like many of the elderly bibliographer's peers, had not survived decades of abuse and neglect and had crumbled into a pile of flakes and dust.

By 1990 the new and more capacious NBL, which has been under construction on White Stone Bridge Road west of the city, should be ready for use. But I hope that, as is rumoured, the rare materials and traditional-style books – my stuff – will be kept in the old complex (with new atmosphere-control) which has served as the premier library of China since 1931. The old NBL is like a greying spouse with whom one, at some point, has learnt to spar affectionately. I would miss the challenge of dealing with its foibles – not to mention, during the staffers' siesta, paddling among the water-lilies that ring the lake of tho Beihai ("North Sea") Park.

Knowing them by what they read

J. F. Fuggles

E. S. LEEDHAM-GREEN
Books in Cambridge Inventories: Book-lists from Vice-Chancellor's Court probate inventories in the Tudor and Stuart periods
Volume One: Inventories.
649pp. £75.
Volume Two: Catalogues.
861pp. £75.
Cambridge University Press.
0 521 30873 9 and 0 521 30888 7

SARGENT BUSH, Jr, and CARL J. RASMUSSEN
The Library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 1584–1637
223pp. Cambridge University Press. £37.50.
0 521 30846 1

The use of evidence provided by the contents of someone's library, not only for the intellectual life of an individual but also for trends in scholarship, in general, has been neglected far too long. Making too much of library lists can be dangerous, of course: the presence of a book does not mean it was read – we all buy books we don't read, we are all given books we don't want; the absence of a book may equally be entirely adventitious. But that's no excuse for not working on book-lists and what they mean. E. S. Leedham-Green's remarkable piece of work, *Books In Cambridge Inventories*, has provided an enormous amount of raw material for historians of the University of Cambridge as well as for historians of the history of ideas.

In 1521 Parliament decided that inventories of all goods should be taken by officers of the probate courts – chiefly so that beneficiaries could decline legacies which involved more debts than assets. Dr Leedham-Green has transcribed such of the Cambridge University inventories as have survived – none before 1535, precious few after 1621 (and how many are missing in that hundred years?) We have yet, though, 200 inventories to get our teeth into: inventories not only of students and graduates, but also of "privileged persons" – servants of the university and colleges (like laundresses) – and their relicts. As well as transcribing the lists the editor has done her best to identify the books, and in Volume Two there is an analysis by author: those lists including Aulus Gellius, those Dominga de Soto, those Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and so on.

Dr Leedham-Green admits that her introduction cannot be long enough to lay out the general or detailed implications of the lists given. She does, though, offer some interesting observations in her brief comments on, say, the lists of the stationers whose property fell within the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor's Court, as well as offering wise words on the limitations of the material: did the appraisers, for example, exercise what she calls "benevolent censorship" at dangerous times? did they suppress evidence of heretical books? how partial is their work?

Each list is preceded by a short biography of the deceased, taken generally from J. A. Venn's *Alumni Cantabrigienses*; the editor makes her own contribution by selecting details of other chattels than books, which give a vivid picture of the man and the way he lived: Geoffrey Blythe (d 1542) was "surrounded by feather beds and cushions", John Thomas (d 1545) left a prodigious quantity of apparel, much of it "eaten with rattes", Thomas Burbanke (d 1550) a "kanapye for gnattes" – a mosquito net. She notes carefully all instruments, whether surgical or musical, and gathers them together, like the books, in Volume Two. She has a good eye. She has a good car too, and the introduction and editorial matter are a pleasure to read. Producing this book has been a huge task: someone should be encouraged to do the same for Oxford – the lists have been transcribed and are available in Bodley, as yet unedited.

Cambridge seems to have stolen a march, also, in producing histories of college libraries. After Philip Gaskell's on Trinity (reviewed in the *TLS*, April 24, 1981) we now have, in *The Library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 1584–1637*, an edition of the early inventories for Emmanuel. The college was interesting from its foundation because of its extreme Puritan leanings. Members were prominent among the settlers in the New World (including John Harvard), and during the Commonwealth no fewer than twelve heads of house in Cambridge were Emmanuel men. The library was large for the early seventeenth century, with almost 500 books (Trinity had about 335 in 1600), and was arranged in the "modern" way, unchained from the start. Perhaps unusually, the college, founded in 1584, produced seven inventories by 1637. Sargent Bush, Jr, and Carl. J. Rasmussen print the last, and fullest, of that year, using the earlier lists to show the development of the collection. It was by no means narrowly Puritan: it is quite clear that by the 1620s deliberate steps were being taken here, as in other colleges, to buy the Catholic controversialists – they had realized that it was important to know what the enemy was saying. The editors provide a short, but by no means inadequate, introduction which provides some commentary on donations and analyses the collection; and the book is well illustrated. Curiously, shelf-marks of surviving books are given in each entry: if anyone wants to steal the 1565, Louvain quarto of St Prosper of Aquitaine he now knows where to find it.

Bibliopegy as trade and art

Anthony Hobson

FRANK BROOMHEAD
The Zaehnsdorfs (1842–1947): Craft bookbinders
109pp. Private Libraries Association, Ravelston, South View Road, Pinner, Middlesex HA5 3YD. £18.
0 900002 74 3

Elizabeth Greenhill, Bookbinder: A catalogue raisonné
111pp. K. D. Duval, French, Foss, Pitluchry, Perthshire. £60.
0 950113552 6

Any addition to the small number of monographs on individual British bookbinders is welcome. Of the two most recent, one is devoted to a living binder, the other to a firm well known for over a century.

Joseph Zaehnsdorf was one of the latest to arrive of the German-speaking binders who reinvigorated the London trade in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Born in Pest in 1814, he spent *Wanderjahre*, in the German tradition, working in Switzerland, Germany and France, before reaching London, where his brother already manufactured jewellery, in 1837. There he was employed for a time by one of William Beckford's last binders, John MacKenzie; after making a brief foray into "toilette furniture", he set up in business as a binder on his own account in about 1842. The early years, marked by several changes of address, seem to have been difficult ones, but by the late 1850s he was well established. In the following two decades the firm, by then employing a large proportion of non-union foreign workers, consolidated its reputation, attested by the medals awarded at international exhibitions which served to decorate its letterheads.

The Zaehnsdorfs' forwarding was of excellent quality. Their finishing tended to follow antiquarian patterns in what an advertisement of 1874 called "the Mounsile, Cruller, Maioli and Illuminated Styles". In this they were only providing what their clients wanted. Contemporary French collectors were commissioning exactly the same sort of intricate inlaid covers from binders such as Chambolle or Lortic.

Not all Zaehnsdorf bindings were elaborately decorated. In 1880, *The Art of Bookbinding* by Joseph Zaehnsdorf's son, Joseph William, was published. The author's copy was plainly bound in purple morocco, lettered on the spine but with no other gilding on the covers. The book was well received. Another German immigrant, the great Bernard Quaritch, recalled that "To former times I used to give your father lessons in Taste"; Henry Sotheran promised "to devote half-an-hour now and then to its full perusal"; and a working binder signing himself "Bibliopegus impecuniosus" expressed the hope that "it will circulate among the upper classes as it is calculated to elevate their taste for good Bookbinding".

The business remained in family ownership until 1947. It was subsequently acquired by Hatchards and after a period of dormancy has been revived under its original name.

Frank Broomhead, in *The Zaehnsdorfs (1842–1947): Craft bookbinders*, provides a competent narrative of the firm's history – though Latin titles give him trouble. But it is disappointing that only ten bindings are reproduced. No attempt is made to trace stylistic development, and the later and less derivative work is almost entirely unrepresented.

Until her retirement three years ago, Elizabeth Greenhill had been binding for almost sixty years. She trained under Pierre Legrain in Paris and Douglas Cockerell in London, and has served as Secretary, and from 1975 as President, of Designer Bookbinders. *Elizabeth Greenhill, Bookbinder* contains a short but delightful autobiographical sketch, tributes from a collector, two librarians and a former lecturer in bibliography, and a catalogue of her "fine" bindings. Her work as a conservator and restorer, which included several months in the chilly Fortezza di Belvedere repairing books that had been immersed in the Arno flood at Florence in 1966, is not illustrated.

The book lists 104 bindings, and all but nine are reproduced, the great majority in colour. A sense of movement is much in evidence: the drift of clouds, flicker of flames, play of light on water. Miss Greenhill is a master of lettering, seen to full advantage on some covers where the title in bold capitals is the sole or the principal feature. Reproductions alone cannot of course do justice to these volumes. They must be handled for their tactile pleasures and functional merits to be appreciated. Meanwhile the Scottish publishers, Kulgin Duval and Colin Hamilton, booksellers and patrons of modern binding, are to be congratulated on providing an admirable record of a sensitive and original artist.

A Manual of Local Studies Librarianship, edited by Michael Dewe (419pp. Aldershot: Gower. £45. 0 566 03522 7), aims to provide an updating of J. L. Hobbs's *Local History and the Library* (second edition 1973). The subject is seen very much in a public library context, but university, polytechnic and college libraries are also covered – an important addition since the educational role of local studies, at all levels, is increasingly recognized. Full attention is given to the organization and bibliographical control of local studies collections and in their educational use in the community.

Part(s) of a picture-cycle

Robin Cormack

KURT WEITZMANN and HERBERT L. KESSLER
The Cotton Genesis: British Library Codex Cotton Otho B. VI
250pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £100.10.
0 691 04031 1

This is a dry account of a burnt manuscript. The reader of *The Cotton Genesis* by Kurt Weitzmann and Herbert L. Kessler is bound to be impressed by the importance of the medieval illustrated book which merits such a lavish publication of its charred fragments by Princeton University Press, yet may reach the end without feeling certain in what this importance lies. It is clear that the venture brings to an end a protracted phase of scholarship that has been marked by pleas for "a thorough reconstructive study" of this manuscript of the Book of Genesis.

The manuscript, acquired in the seventeenth century by that phenomenal collector Sir Robert Cotton (the owner of Magna Charta and the Lindisfarne Gospels among others), was burnt in a fire in London in 1731 – after it had finally passed into public ownership in accordance with Cotton's wishes, but before the House of Commons woke up to the value of the collection and the need to house it securely; what survives of the Cottonian Library now forms a significant section of the British Library. Before the fire, the manuscript apparently consisted of one volume (33 × 25 cm) with some 166 folios, containing the text of Genesis in Greek uncials, interspersed with many miniatures, predominantly narrative in character and placed after the passages to which they referred. Since the fire, in few wrinkled and scorched pieces of parchment are all that remain to be studied. The existence of a number of copies of the pages of the manuscript before and after this damage, however, as well as the existence of some medieval works of art which "copy" the manuscript, or at least reproduce scenes of a similar kind, have encouraged Professors Weitzmann and Kessler to deduce the appearance of the original. They believe – although with very little clear evidence – that it was produced in Egypt in the late fifth century.

The nucleus of their study is a reconstruction of the original manuscript. Its pages are described and illustrated with the help of sketch drawings; there are photographs of the fragments, copies from various dates and illustrations of comparative medieval evidence. Their conclusions about the original number of pictures and the arrangement of the text around them seem practical and convincing. The method of the publication of the results is less elegant. The reconstruction drawings have awkwardly to be compared with written descriptions (on other pages) and with the scattered figures; and, amazingly for an art-historical publication, these reconstructions leave entirely blank the pictorial areas. The Greek text in the reconstructions is untidily written (not always matching what can be seen in the photographs) and it is palaeographically misleading. The most recent drawings recording the fragments, made for this publication conjure up ghostly images of the miniatures, reminiscent of the world of Mervyn Peake.

Weitzmann and Kessler's painstaking work will act as a major contribution to studies of the Early Christian book. Their own comments on the character of the book are relatively limited in scope – essentially a short, but stimulating, statement on the "literalism" of the illustration in relation to the text. Their assumptions about the nature of book illustration do emerge on occasion. They use the traditional vocabulary of the textual critic concerned with the construction of stemmata. So they speak of this book as not itself the "archetypal cycle", but an "emended copy of an earlier set of Genesis illustrations", as "an intelligent revision of the archetypal cycle" and as "a careful revision of the imagery, fully within the spirit of the original". They also regard the manuscript as a "source mined throughout the Middle Ages", though "layer copyists often did not comprehend the full meaning of extra-biblical features that would have added special meaning". This kind of assessment is in line with other writings of Weitzmann. It relies on a close analogy between the way texts might have been transmitted through copying and the transmission of pictures; it sees the great period of invention in Christian art as the first few centuries, and later medieval book illumination as a weaker reflection of encyclopaedic (usually lost) early "sources".

Even in its fragmentary state the Cotton Genesis shows how problematic is the analogy between text and pictures, and how inappropriate to visual images are ideas about "correct" or "incorrect" reproduction. A clear example of the fluid, even dynamic, relationship between visual image and source can be found in the thirteenth-century mosaics of the church of San Marco in Venice. These "copied" the miniatures of the Cotton Genesis, but in the process transformed them; the least important aspect for understanding the power of the mosaics is the "accuracy" of their reproduction. Here, as elsewhere, the stress of Weitzmann's methodology on the mechanics of copying serves only to conceal the effects of medieval images as they are preserved. The value of the reconstructed Cotton Genesis for the understanding of Early Christian art is even greater than the account in this publication at first suggests.

Visions and revisions

Andrew Wilton

DAVID BINDMAN (Editor)
William Blake's Illustrations of the Book of Job
Part One, Text volume. 148pp.
Part Two, The plates. 24pp, with 53pp of reproductions and 22 plates.
Colour Versions of Blake's Book of Job Designs from the Circle of John Linnell
28pp, with 48 plates.
William Blake, 90 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PY. For prices, see penultimate paragraph of the review below.

This pair of sumptuously produced boxes of facsimiles, with their attendant critical matter, is dedicated "To the memory of Arnold Fawcus and Geoffrey Keynes", and represents an act of piety by the newly reconstituted William Blake Trust in honour of its two most prominent and influential members. Facsimiles of the Job engravings, and of the hand-coloured set of them in the Collins collection, had been made before the deaths of Mr Fawcus and Sir Geoffrey Keynes, together with facsimiles of the watercolours now in Paul Mellon's collection, which are known, from their provenance, as the New Zealand set. A problem had arisen, however: Sir Geoffrey's ardent conviction that the New Zealand set was the work of Blake himself had come to be doubted by other Blake scholars; both Bo Lindberg, who had already written a lengthy examination of the drawings for the Trust, and David Bindman, who was now appointed editor, were convinced that they were inferior work by another hand: copies, in short. In this conviction they are surely correct. The history of the drawings makes it probable that they were the work of a member of the Linnell family; there seems little reason to think, as Lindberg suggests, that one or two of them might have been touched by Blake himself.

An important part of Keynes's purpose in initiating this publication was to integrate the New Zealand drawings into the history of the Job series as a whole; so there is a huge irony in the fact that this work, conceived as "a worthy memorial to that great Blake scholar", is founded on a denial of Keynes's central and most interesting thesis. As a result, Keynes himself takes the role of the patriarch betrayed by his friends, the object of his faith shattered: a posthumous embodiment of the Blakean myth as Bindman here reinterprets it, with Job personifying fallen man, proud in his allegiance to a false god who is eventually revealed as cloven-footed. He can be redeemed only through his gradual understanding of the salvation offered by Christ. The careful exegesis of Bindman and Lindberg, politely contradicting everything that Keynes proposes in his own essay (piously retained from the original scheme) must constitute the great man's redemption.

Another important point misunderstood by Keynes was the place of the authentic set of watercolour designs for Job made by Blake for his patron Thomas Butts and preserved in the Pierpont Morgan Library. These are now considered to date from the first decade of the nineteenth century, instead of the third, so that the period of gestation of *Job* is much longer than Keynes imagined. Many of its central ideas, both visual and literary, spring from Blake's thinking just after his sojourn in Felpham, and not from the years of his old age. It is from this fact that Bindman derives his authority to argue that the work is specifically concerned with the redemptive power of Christ, a theme much in Blake's mind at the time of the Bible illustrations, executed for Butts again, which also belong to the early years of the century. So one cannot help wishing that it was the Butts watercolours for Job that were so faithfully reproduced in *Colour Versions of the Book of Job Designs*, and not the spurious New Zealand set – which has already been printed in facsimile once (in 1935). The Butts set appears, it is true, in black-and-white among the comparative illustrations in the fascicules accompanying the (uncoloured) *Illustrations of the Book of Job*; there we are also given the preliminary pencil drawings from the Riches sketchbook in the Fitzwilliam Museum, as well as, yet again (for ease of reference), the New Zealand set – which was apparently executed at a moment just prior to the final engravings and so provides clues as to their evolution.

A detail from one of the plates in Colour Versions of Blake's Book of Job Designs from the Circle of John Linnell, *reviewed here.*

The exegetical matter supplied by Lindberg with each plate, the very full catalogue by Robert Essick of states and printings of the series, and Barbara Bryant's comprehensive dossier of documentary and bibliographical records up to 1892, together ensure that Blake's *Job* is now as reliably and completely nailed down by scholarship as it is ever likely to be. At a modest £295, the "serviceably bound" edition, restricted to libraries and educational, eleemosynary institutions, is a bargain; while 250 copies, bound in half morocco with marbled boards in a double slip-case, are available at £580. Only the most demanding need pay £1,680 for one of the twenty-two de luxe copies, with each of which is included a hand-coloured facsimile of a subject from the Butts set and a label from Linnell's original publication.

It may be that the piety that has informed this enterprise is somewhat misplaced; and one may question whether it is really necessary to be at such expense to provide the world with yet another, not markedly superior, facsimile of the already frequently reproduced *Job*. But thanks to the scrupulous good sense of the reincarnate Blake Trust the project has, after all, found something like full justification.

Moral advertisements

J. B. Trapp

ANDREAS ALCIATUS
Index Emblematicus: Volume One, The Latin Emblems, Indexes and Lists
Edited by Peter M. Daly and Virginia Callahan, assisted by Simon Cuttler
231pp, plus 212 emblems.
Volume Two, Emblems in Translation
Edited by Peter M. Daly, assisted by Simon Cuttler
212 emblems, each in four translations.
University of Toronto Press. £87.50 the set.
0 802024 25 4

KARL JOSEF HÖLTGEN
Aspects of the Emblem: Studies in the English emblem tradition and the European context
205pp. Kassel: Reichenberger. DM75.
0 923593 35 X

Emblems, said Nathaniel Webbe roundly in 1585, are "general conceits of moral matters", their wholesome message hammered home in the beholder's mind by a threefold blow from maxim-motto, illustrative picture and explanatory epigram, their three canonical parts. What I tell you three times is true. According to the same authority, emblems differ from *imprese* or devices, which more riddlingly "manifest the special purpose of gentlemen". *Imprese*, indeed, are more heraldic in character and – though they may need and are often given explanation – they usually consist of two elements only: motto and simplified picture. Both genres were popular in the Renaissance, sharing the semiotic function of making invisible things understood by things that are, and making them understand more clearly, memorably and effectively because conceptual, visual and verbal dimensions are involved.

By common consent the Milanese jurist Andrea Alciati is the first emblematist in the true sense – somewhat inadvertently, since the pictures attached to his Latin epigrams in the first edition of his *Emblemata*, printed at Augsburg, away from his supervision, in 1531, seem to have been supplied by another hand. The result went through something like 175 editions in the original Latin and in French, German, Italian and Spanish translation – by far the most frequently issued emblem book. Imitators from all these nations, with England joining in, swelled the total number of such books to a thousand. To some extent the popularity of emblems merely reflects a taste for encapsulated wisdom and a general agreement on the moral function of literature.

The twentieth-century pioneer in the study of the phenomenon was Mario Praz, whose *Studi sul concettismo* of 1934 was followed by the two volumes he published with the Warburg Institute in 1948 (second edition, Rome 1964). Since Praz, an enormous amount of scholarly work has been done and – among other things – a huge anthology, *Emblemata*, compiled by A. Henkel and A. Schöne (1969–76). Peter M. Daly's enterprise is the largest yet: a comprehensive, computer-aided *Index Emblematicus*, the next step on the road to exhaustive documentation. He has attracted eager collaborators in every European country, international emblem congresses flourish, and the first issue of a new journal, *Emblematica* (reviewed in the *TLS* of June 12), has just been published. In short, another recognized academic specialism, the study of emblems, has been added to the pile.

Professor Daly and his collaborators, in their extended Alciati, have given the *Index Emblematicus* the best and most useful of bases. In Volume One, a brief life of Alciati is followed by a useful list of writings about him in his capacity as an emblematist (his larger life's work was as a jurist). There are analytic subject indexes to the woodcuts in his book and to the themes of the emblems; concordances to the mottoes and epigrams in the various languages and to the English translations of them which are provided; alphabetical and sequential lists of mottoes in all languages; together with a comparative list which not only shows the placing of each emblem, relative to the base-text of Alciati's original, in the French (an amalgam of the editions of 1536, 1549 and 1569–74), the German (1542 supplemented from 1567), the Italian (1551 and 1626) and the Spanish (1549) editions, but also notes the adaptations of eighty-six of Alciati's emblems in the nearest approach to an English translation – Geoffrey Whitney's *Choice of Emblems*, published in 1586 at Antwerp.

The printing of Alciati chosen as base-text for this apparatus, to complete Volume One, is that of Padua, 1621. This is given page by page in reduced facsimile, with English translations of motto and epigram, a description of the woodcut and a definition of the subject of the emblem to one side. As the fullest Latin version, easily accessible now in separate facsimile – which will supply the absence from Daly's volumes of its substantial commentary, based on that of Claude Mignault, first printed in 1571 – the Padua edition was a sensible and pragmatic choice. Use of an earlier printing would have entailed much more complicated addition-and-subtraction sums to relate that to the vernacular translations. Moreover, anyone who has worked with emblems soon learns to start with the Padua edition and work back or forward from it, as necessary.

Volume Two is occupied by facsimiles of the editions in other languages, with English translations of mottoes and epigrams. The end result, achieved with enormous labour, seems both accurate and comprehensive, a most valuable *instrument de travail*. To be ungracious, the thousand facsimiles of pictures and epigrams are often not very legible. To be fair, on the other hand, they are often not much more legible, and certainly no prettier, in the larger format of the original editions. The work has been carried so far that one occasionally wishes it had been carried a little further. Alciati's first emblem, for example, is the Visconti viper, which all the texts call merely "serpent" – so "serpent", or rather "snake", it is throughout. The compilers can retort that their aim was a literal faithfulness to what they saw on the page. One wishes their enterprise good continuance.

Karl Josef Höltgen's *Aspects of the Emblem*, weighing in at a twelfth of the Toronto Alciati, is more of a sprinter (not quite qualified for a maiden event, since some of the essays revisit ground that its author has already covered). All the same, the new detail he is able to add is valuable in itself.

Höltgen's reconsideration of Quarles's *Emblems*, first published in 1635, which has been called the most popular book of English verse of the seventeenth century, is instructive in its account of the use by Protestant and Catholic alike of one specific emblem. This usefully calls in question much of the substructure on which claims for a distinctively Protestant poetic have recently been advanced. In the Kassel *impresa* manuscripts he finds new collateral evidence for contemporary use of the famous compasses image of Donne's "Valediction forbidding Mourning". He adds to his earlier discoveries about Richard Haydocke and about Haydocke's designs for emblematic title-pages and monumental brasses, and he concludes with a magisterial and too brief survey of the Victorian emblematic revival. Here he rightly stresses the religious dimension – there were twenty nineteenth-century editions of Quarles – without losing sight of its aesthetic and antiquarian sides, or of the secular re-use of, for example, older emblems of unity in trade union banners and the like.

Among the good things offered in Professor Höltgen's little book is an insistence on the importance of the Jesuits in the change from the predominantly secular-moral to the predominantly religious emblem. As he shows, this is chiefly a late-sixteenth-century and seventeenth-century affair, though religious emblems exist in the fifteenth century. He might, perhaps, have laid more stress on the oratorical-exemplary tradition. Picinelli's *Mondo simbolico*, that emblematic treasury without pictures, was intended as a preacher's manual, and in that end was translated into Latin by a Jesuit; and the Poduan Alciati of 1621 itself was meant as a preaching aid as well as a meditative aid. Such books were intended for somewhat the same combination of meditative, oratorical and educational use as the allied riddles and enigmas later employed by the Society of Jesus – to which Jennifer Montagu devoted a brilliant article some years ago. This is an excellent and diverting collection of essays.

Love, lyric, language

Nicholas Mann

JACQUES ROUBAUD
La Fleur inverse: Essai sur l'art formel des troubadours
352pp. Paris: Ramsay. 119fr.
2859565 37X
EUGENE VANCE
Marvelous Signals: Poetics and sign theory in the Middle Ages
366pp. University of Nebraska Press. £35.
0803246552

As Epic evolved imperceptibly into Romance, so medieval literary studies have gradually emerged from the heroic age of critical editions to the more expansive era of sophisticated critical interpretation. Both these studies are products of the new age, but could scarcely be more different in their strategies. Jacques Roubaud writes largely for the uninitiated from the point of view of a poet (and a mathematician), seeking in the troubadour lyric, analysed for its own sake and in its own terms, the essence of all poetry; Eugene Vance addresses himself to those, like himself, doubly initiated into the mysteries of modern critical theory and of medieval texts, applying the one to the other with an essentially contemporary synthesis in view.

Roubaud's corpus – the troubadour lyrics, of which he has already published a bilingual anthology – is as clearly defined as his purpose: to provide a formal analysis of the essence of what he sees as a highly homogeneous tradition, viewed as it were through a single synchronic "chronotopogram" taken around 1230. Vance, on the other hand, sets out to explore the manner in which certain medieval texts reflect upon the processes of language, adopting the methods of certain recent critical theories, and consequently has neither clear-cut corpus nor guiding theoretical stance. His "open ended chronicle of discovery" draws on texts by authors as diverse and as distant as St Augustine, Chaucer and Spenser, viewing them through a variety of critical prisms in a series of chapters which are essentially autonomous studies, most of which have already appeared elsewhere.

Indeed, the only discernible threads which unite the disparate material of which *Marvelous Signals* is composed are Vance's systematic rejection of the archaeology of texts, the romantically inspired search for an authorial inner self, and even the imperialism of linguistics, and his overriding concern with poetics and language as a semiotic system: a sustained reflection upon the nature, functions and limitations of verbal signs as mediators of human understanding.

In contrast, *La Fleur inverse* is a masterpiece of ingenious design, its structure inviting comparison with the polycentricity of medieval romance, starting from nothing, or more precisely from a poetic debate about nothing, and constantly interweaving text and argument in a series of episodes which repeatedly turn back upon themselves, in the quest for the formal threads which underlie all *trobar*, a quest which can only end in the death of poetry which is the death of love itself. It is a consistent theme that form and meaning in the lyric are indissolubly intertwined, that the language and the love it sings cannot be separated, and that the poet's task, as Bernart Marti put it, is to weave words and sounds as tongue interweaves with tongue in a kiss; accordingly the focus of Roubaud's attention falls on the formal intricacies of the metre, rhyme and stanza-structures of *l'amor de lonh*, which allow him to consider the poetic form which they generated – the *canso* – seen at once as a manifestation of, and manifesto for, the twin forces of love and poetry.

His inquiry culminates in the analysis of what must surely be a mathematician's as well as a poet's delight: the *sextina* of Arnaut Daniel, a unique poetic exploration of the maximal combinative subtlety attainable within the permutations of a finite set; the endpoint of the troubadours' formal research, which simultaneously signalled the demise of their poetic art.

For Vance it is not so much love and poetry which link the medieval and the modern worlds as language itself, and the awareness of language. He maintains that no important medieval text is lacking in that awareness, and that poets such as Dante and Chaucer are concerned with the personal, ethical and historical consequences of choosing words to express or conceal men's thoughts and deeds. Thus, for St Augustine, confession is a discursive act deployed to neutralize the lust implicit in his idolatry of poetry; the *Chanson de Roland* is less a tragedy in language than a tragedy of language itself, with Charlemagne surveying the signs of epic action on the battlefield as the first "reader" of the song; while the lyric, by ceaselessly naming what is absent, creates pleasure in the listener by at once provoking and negating his desire. Perhaps the boldest speculative insights are to be found in the chapter on Dante, including the view that Brunetto Latini's perversion of language (his preference for French over Tuscan) is the cause of his exile: an abuse analogous to, if not identical with, his alleged sodomy.

It is not possible in a brief review to do justice to the perspicacity and intricacy of Vance's analyses, nor to the radical provocation of some of his re-evaluations. But it remains to be seen whether his semiotics will prove to be more than a sign of its times, to be relegated in due course to the ranks of archaeology and linguistics. Meanwhile, there is some danger that its rhetoric may become (as Vance himself believes Dante thought Priscian's was) a "self-defeating art and a process of deception whose first victim is none other than the deceiver himself". Roubaud's book, despite the dryness of some of its formal analyses, is every bit as stimulating and a great deal more accessible. Without in any way appropriating the troubadours to his own purposes, he has succeeded in giving a sense of their creation of poetry as "an art, a craft and a passion, a game, an irony and a search, a violence, an autonomous activity and a form of life". And this, he maintains, courageously espousing the archaisms which he evokes, is the essence of poetry today.

By the people, for the people

Heather O'Donoghue

THOMAS J. HEFFERNAN (Editor)
The Popular Literature of the Middle Ages
330pp. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press.
0870494538
WILLIAM TYDEMAN
English Medieval Theatre 1400–1500
221pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £25.
0710098502

Thomas J. Heffernan's introduction to *The Popular Literature of the Middle Ages* tackles the question "What does 'popular' mean in a medieval context?" Since, as he maintains, post-Enlightenment literary critics have been preoccupied with virtuosity, and literary audiences trained to make aesthetic value-judgments on the basis of long familiarity with other literary texts, medieval popular literature resists conventional critical assessment. Heffernan thus calls for a consideration of texts – such as the *Ormulum* – which have so far escaped full critical attention, and so for a shift away from the recognized literary giants of the Middle Ages, Chaucer and Langland. This is a promising opening to a collection of essays, but of course the word "popular" has diverse meanings for diverse folk, and it is easier to define popular literature in terms of what it is not, as Heffernan does, than make positive identification. The failure to envisage clearly what sort of audience popular literature might address itself to weakens not only individual essays, but also the coherence of the volume as a whole. In addition, many of the essays – in spite of Heffernan's introductory message – imply that the study of neglected texts may be justified because of the light they can shed on the more famous works of the age: folk-tale on Canterbury Tale, the influence of the *phanicus Mariae* on Chaucerian heroines, or the bearing of popular theology on Langland.

D. W. Robertson asks who were "the people" in the Middle Ages, while recognizing that one cannot speak of medieval masses, or mass culture. But his essay is an awkward mixture of historical "hard fact" (what the peasants ate, how the manorial system was organized, what the middle classes did on their days off, and so on) and airy assertion ("medieval people were practical rather than sentimental", or "no one thought that there was anything odd about speaking the truth with a smile").

Edmund Reiss approaches the question of why the English medieval romance, a form so dominant in its time, and thus popular in one sense, should be regarded as inferior by modern critics, but lapses too soon into an unoriginal classifying survey of the whole genre. Ute Stargardte compares the modern literary critic's scorn for Margery Kempe with her contemporaries' derision, but then speculates about a new middle-class female audience for *The Book* – "if it was read widely" by such women it was "probably a great success". Derek Brewer makes an interesting case for the existence of a "middle-brow" audience; in his examination of the medieval comic tale he argues, against Freud and Bakhtin, that jokes are not always subversive, and asserts that the comic tale "reinforces . . . the dominant, secular, this-worldly culture . . . the stable, middling, everyday . . . center of society". John H. Fisher concerns himself most directly with identifying a literary audience, though only implicitly in terms of social class. He points out that Chaucer was trained in the written tradition of the *ars dictaminis*, and argues that Chaucer wrote his poetry for a newly emergent reading public, supporting his argument both by collecting and analysing Chaucerian references to readers and listeners, and by showing that Chaucer was "in the mainstream of the development of written expression in English".

The diversity of the pieces in this volume illustrates the wide semantic field of the term "popular" as applied to medieval literature: vulgar, subliterary, non-Chaucerian, lower-class, middle-class, lay, ubiquitous, folksy, oral. Stanley Kahrl, in his essay about medieval drama, sees the term not as relating to one section of society, but as having wide, general appeal, as the drama seems to have had. Kahrl is also very stimulating on the status of the dramatic script as a literary production.

It is these two special features of medieval drama – its clear status as performance rather than as silent text, and thus our ever-present sense of an audience for it – that William Tydeman stresses throughout his book, *English Medieval Theatre 1400–1500*. Tydeman emphasizes the relationship between the action and the audience, and rejoices in the flexibility of medieval drama, which can allow the actors to mingle with the spectators. Following a useful brief survey of the repertoire, chapters in the book's second section deal with *Mankynde*, the Croxton *Play of the Sacrament*, *The Castle of Perseverance*, the York Passion Sequence and *Fulgens and Lucrece*, each chosen because it represents a different form of staging. The third section deals with the siting of performances, the setting up of the stage, with its scenery and backdrops, some very interesting thoughts on the skills and abilities of the actors – including the difficult question of the difference between the professional and non-professional actor – and on financial matters: who paid for, sponsored, backed or promoted the performances? The concluding part of the work considers the place of the drama in the minds of the medieval audience. What did the audience feel about the ribaldry in the religious plays? How orderly were the audiences – like modern football fans, or the respectful, appreciative audience of highbrow culture?

English Medieval Theatre deals with medieval drama from a practical standpoint and will no doubt prove extremely useful to would-be producers of medieval plays, but, equally, it is successful in illuminating for readers their extra-textual aspects. Tydeman brings alive the theatrical sophistication of medieval drama, when more credit has traditionally been given to the plays' textual and doctrinal achievements – that is, one might say, to their literary, rather than popular, qualities.

Declaring for peace

Alastair Hamilton

A. H. T. LEVI (Editor)
The Collected Works of Erasmus
Volumes Twenty-Seven and Twenty-Eight: Literary and educational writings 5 and 6
638pp. University of Toronto Press. £65.
0802056024

Erasmus is better known for his theological views than for his political ones, and indeed he was one of the least politically minded of men. Yet there was a political ideal to which he clung tenaciously and which was condemned by the theologians of Paris as contradicting "both natural and divine law" – the ideal of universal peace at all costs. In the various set pieces which Erasmus devoted to the praise and the moral improvement of royal patrons he deviated little from classical and medieval models. When it came to discussing the art of war, however, he spoke out as a Christian humanist of his day – we are reminded of Thomas More's condemnation of the princely sport of hunting in *Utopia* – and denied nearly all the traditional justifications for taking up arms. "I would boldly declare", he wrote in the *Panegyric* dedicated to Philip of Burgundy, "that it would be far better policy for the conscientious prince to maintain peace, however unjust, than start on the justest of wars", and in the *Education of a Christian Prince*, written for the beneficiary of the future Charles V, he opposed the pious idea of a crusade against the Turks.

Volume Twenty-Seven of *The Collected Works of Erasmus*, edited by A. H. T. Levi, contains some of his "political" writings in which the theme of pacifism recurs. Besides Betty Radice's translation of his most enduringly popular work, the *Praise of Folly*, it includes the *Panegyric* and *A Complaint of Peace*, also translated by Mrs Radice, the *Education of a Christian Prince*, translated by Neil Cheshire and Michael Heath, and (Heath's translation again) *Julius Excluded from Heaven*, a dialogue of disputed authorship. Volume Twenty-Eight contains the translators' annotations and *The Ciceronian*, Erasmus's satire on the fashion of imitating Cicero, translated by Betty Knott.

This translation of the *Praise of Folly* was first published, and is still available, as a Penguin Classic, but the new translation of the *Education of a Christian Prince* is a welcome replacement of the now unavailable English version by L. K. Born, and its inclusion in the same volume as the other political works affords a view of the evolution of Erasmus's ideas over the years. It also prompts us to assess Anthony Levi's challenging description of Erasmus in his introduction – "less violent than More, less revolutionary than Luther, perhaps more of a saint than either, and certainly shrewder than both". How saintly was Erasmus, one wonders after reading his correspondence, and, after reading his political works, how shrewd?

Grant and Cutler have recently added, in their Research Bibliographies and Checklists series, edited by A. D. Deyermond, J. R. Little and J. E. Varey, a Supplement No 1 (76pp. £6.80. 0 7293 0244 X) by Glyn S. Burgess to his *Marie de France: An analytical bibliography* published in that series ten years ago, and *Brunetto Latini: An analytic bibliography*, by Julia Bolton Holloway (153pp. £12. 0 7293 0216 4).

Between realities

Dick Davis

ITALO CALVINO
The Literature Machine: Essays
Translated by Patrick Creagh
341pp. Secker and Warburg. £16.
0436082764

This beautifully translated selection of Calvino's essays is divided into two parts – the first deals with literature in general, and the second with specific authors and works. Calvino's typical coolness and erudition dominate the first half: we see him dissect, display, comment. The comments are often provocative – "a typical human need: the production of disorder" – and shrewdly diagnostic:

> The process going on today is the triumph of discontinuity, divisibility and combination over all that is flux . . . . The nineteenth century from Hegel to Darwin saw the triumph of historical continuity and biological continuity as they healed all the fractures of dialectical antitheses and genetic mutations. Today the perspective is radically altered.

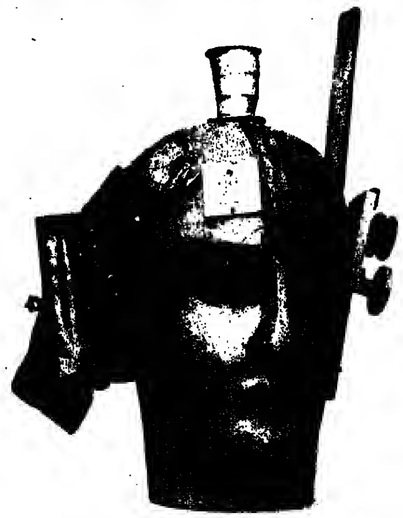
It is a collection of highly intelligent generalizations by someone who distrusts generalization, a series of intellectual *jeux d'esprit* by an author who looks forward to the imminent demise of the author. We stay with it because of the consistently high standard of argument, and because of the incidental erudite jokes and asides; nevertheless these opening essays have a slightly compromised feeling about them, as if we sensed that the author would rather be doing something else, good as he is at saying farewell to Hegel and generalization.

What this something else might be we realize a few pages into the last essay of the opening section, "Levels of Reality in Literature". When Calvino begins a discussion of the *Odyssey* we are in a different world – one in which the still formidable intellect has allowed itself to become the servant of fascination and dream. He starts telling us about Homer's story, pointing out with all the avidity and joy of a precocious child who has realized how a conjuring trick works just what is happening as we read: we see that he has come home, and that his home is the variousness and legerdemain of the storyteller's art. He reveals himself as a brilliant reader, one who manages to be simultaneously enthralled and alert, and in the essays of the book's second half he is a beguiling and persuasive cicerone to the imaginary worlds he explores, whether created by Ovid or Ariosto or Stendhal or Homer.

Not that he reads or explores indiscriminately. The fictions he discusses have clear family resemblances, and the writers of non-fiction who interest him (Galileo, Fourier, Giordano Bruno) are all men who have created imaginary worlds, or at least worlds quite separate from the quotidian terrestrial one we think we inhabit. To begin with he likes books that confirm his sense of discontinuity – for example, narratives of discrete incidents (Voltaire's *Candide*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*) – particularly if they involve the protagonist moving between quite different worlds; twice he points out that Odysseus' adventures are of two distinct kinds: those he relates himself (to king Alcinous), which are full of magic and the supernatural, and those narrated of him in the third person, which are more psychologically telling but in which the supernatural has receded into the background. The notion of an alternative reality to that which one is currently occupying is clearly a very attractive idea for Calvino. In the rather cagey autobiographical essay with which this collection ends we see him as someone who has grown up implicated in various cultures but not rootedly belonging to any of them. That this has been a pleasure to him rather than a burden is indicated by the fact that he chose to continue to live in this way, and this multi-cultural perspective is clearly a source of his delight in works that subvert notions of an absolute and exclusive reality.

Linked with this is his love of journeys, and especially of swift, decisive journeys; again and again we see him drawing attention to the helter-skelter scramble of a work's progress, as in his marvellous evocation of the opening of Ariosto's poem, "it is with this zig-zag traced by galloping horses and the fitfulness of the human heart that we are introduced to the spirit of the poem"; and as when he shows us how "*The Charterhouse of Parma* . . . like Fabrice overcomes the contradictions of its composite nature by incessant movement". And the journeying implies no end; Calvino loves notions of infinity, infinite series, the infinite plenitude of nature (one of the most charming essays is on Pliny's *Natural History*).

This love of infinity, the sense that reality is more various and multiform than can ever be conceived of by one mind, gives Calvino's essays their paradoxical humility; as he distrusts generalization so he distrusts attempts to close off reality, to declare it finished and understood – whether this be the reality of the world or of a work of literature. He allows each work its own stature, its own truth, and he is waspish with "intermediaries who claim to know more than the text does", critics who think they can say anything about *a* work that is not already implicit in its own existence: "Schools and universities ought to help us to understand that no book that talks *about* a book says more than the book in question." That this curt dismissal of criticism should have been written by someone who on the evidence of this collection was an extremely penetrating critic is an irony wholly typical of its author.



"The Spirit of Our Times" by Raoul Hausmann, 1919, in wood, leather, metal and cardboard: reproduced from The Arcimboldo Effect: Transformations of the face from the sixteenth to the twentieth century *(402pp, with 216 colour and 172 black-and-white illustrations. Thames and Hudson. Paperback, £32. 0500274711), which will be reviewed in a later issue of the* TLS.

Scenes and arias

Tim Parks

ALBERTO BEVILACQUA
La Grande Gio
399pp. Milan: Mondadori. L22,000.

After "a thousand adventures" that have taken her the world over and seen her courted and admired by every name that ever graced the entertainment pages of major newspapers, the incomparable Grande Gio returns to Italy after almost thirty years' absence. Her mission appears to be to set to rights the childhood relationships she left in disarray, to settle old scores, to distribute wisdom and, on occasion, sexual favours too.

Alberto Bevilacqua subscribes to the genre of modern narrative that has come to be known, somewhat generously in this case, as "magical realism". Thus the nickname "Gio" is not short for Giovanna, but for *gioco*, or *gioia*; we learn that the heroine (and this explains her versatility) is the product of her mother's multiple and obsessive nightly couplings, just as her ever-faithful friend, the superior parrot Piccolo Gio, is the result of a wild feathered jungle orgy. And as Grande Gio is all potential, capable of assuming any personality, living any life, so, on a smaller scale, her bird can take on any opera role you might choose and is always ready with an appropriate aria to transform whatever situation into art.

Quite apart from its ceaseless accumulation of improbable anecdotes, the plot is immensely complicated: Gio discovers that her brother Zibi in Rome is not the successful business man she expected, but has, in fact, squandered all the money she has been sending him. She sets about transforming his aquarium flat by having a church bell that wakes everybody up removed, and by employing the best interior decorators. At which point Zibi decides to recover his reputation with his sister. He steals the relics of St Dorothy and demands a vast ransom to be paid in flowers – this to demonstrate his moral superiority to Church and State, satirized as money-grabbing and corrupt. Combining this escapade with photographic revelations of his daughter Violante's affairs with various politicians, he contrives to bring down the government and become a national hero.

The novel then fragments into a series of episodes and adventures. Violante is given a lesson in love by Grande Gio which ends with aunt and niece caressing each other in bed with the glove of Grande Gio's dead super-lover Falco. Zibi is persuaded not to allow himself to be assassinated at the hands of the secret service thanks to a timely interveation by Grande Gio. Zibi's wife Margherita takes a course in make-up and parody from Grande Gio and so manages to shed her restricted self, forget her vow of faithfulness to her husband and go off with a deaf ex-lover who can only compose music in her company. The message in each case is that we must use our imaginations to transform reality into play, an exercise of which the book, with its incessant symmetries and surprises, presents itself as a paradigm. Reality, however, at least in this scenario, does not turn out to be a particularly intractable animal.

Bevilacqua has the requisite energy (indeed it is his non-stop eloquence and erudition which truly surprise most in this book) to bring off his complicated plot. But the rhetorical end would-be poetic style rarely if ever rises to real lyricism, and its constant superlatives succeed in conveying neither beauty nor passion. The social and political satire is for the most part approximate and sententious, and, while insisting on the idea of play, there is very little real fun to be had for the reader, not any tension generated.

Life, legends, lies

Filippo Donini

MARIO PICCHI
Storie di casa Leopardi
366pp. Milan: Camunia Editrice. L30,000.

Soon after Leopardi's death, Antonio Ranieri, the friend with whom the poet had lived for the last seven years of his life, wrote to Leopardi's father to assure him that his son had died "the holiest of deaths . . . assisted by the sweetest comforts of our holy religion". It was the first of a series of lies, not all so well intentioned, that were to flaw Ranieri's posthumous relation with Leopardi and to culminate more than forty years later in his controversial book *Sette anni di sodalizio*. Monaldo Leopardi, who had been suspicious of Ranieri from the beginning, came to consider him as a definitely evil influence on, if not a grasping sequestrator of, his son. Italian critical opinion became divided into pro-Ranieri and pro-Monaldo factions; the Church went to astonishing lengths in forging evidence to corroborate the poet's deathbed conversion, and bitter polemics raged throughout the nineteenth century between liberal (mainly freemason) supporters of Leopardi as a champion of free thought, and the clerical (mainly Jesuit) tradition.

Biographers who could not even agree on the colour of the poet's hair vied with each other in digging up documents in support of their respective theses, and the number of books and pamphlets on the subject grew. The discouraging mass of this literature (ranging between frivolous gossip and pedantic lucubration) has now been digested by Mario Picchi, and his objectivity and critical acumen are to be praised without reservation. Not that his labour went uncelebrated by some amusing finds (eg, Ghetti's vindication of Leopardi as a champion of the working class, or the Fascist adoption of him as a forerunner) but on the whole his exertions must have been very tiresome.

Under these circumstances it may seem churlish to find fault with him for some omissions, such as the failure to mention among the legion of biographers one of the most creditable and influential, Michele Schorillo, whose Life of the poet introduced generations of Italian students to the cult of Leopardi; or to use, in his lengthy discussion of the adolescent poet's indulgence in masturbation, the poet's own evidence ("sul *conscio* letto" in *Le ricordanze*); or to include a natural drying up of fecundity among the possible reasons why the poet's mother, after her impressive record of twelve pregnancies in seventeen years, suddenly stopped bearing children at the age of thirty-six. More serious are the omission of an Index of names (though this malpractice is – alas – very frequent in Italian scholarly publications) and the poor editing: there are too many misprints and oversights.

Picchi's book is important not because it answers many small questions concerning Leopardi's life – was he a hunchback and why (from birth or as a consequence of illness or onanism)? was he a virgin or a frequenter of brothels? did he experience sodomy (a recent book on this subject is discussed), had he a beard? – but for the complete picture it presents of the Leopardi and Ranieri families, their friends and enemies, their posthumous supporters and detractors.

The characters of all the family members are judged on the strength of reliable documents, and the statements of even the most acclaimed Leopardi scholars scrutinized. In the end Ranieri comes out decidedly better than his antagonists. Rightly so, for his was the prophecy that Leopardi's name would live for ever, when the poet's mother could only say: "God forgive him!"

The language we deserve

Michael Wood

KENNETH G. WILSON
Rip Van Winkle's Return: Change in American English 1966–1986
183pp. Hanover, NH: University Press of New England, distributed in the UK by Trevor Brown Associates. £13 (paperback, £7.95).
0874514118

"Our language will always serve our purposes", Kenneth G. Wilson writes in *Rip Van Winkle's Return* – "*all* our purposes." He gets firmer on this topic as his book continues. "We get the language we need and want and – perhaps – deserve", he says on an early page, but later decides Edwin Newman is "certainly right" to urge that "people get the language they deserve". "Language is the measure of us." This can be a depressing thought if you look at language closely, but Wilson remains remarkably cheerful throughout. He is an American college teacher of English who turned administrator for fifteen years, and recently went back to teaching. Hence the Rip Van Wilson whimsy. His sleep was his absence from language study, and he is here to report on what he discovered when he woke. He finds this conceit a good deal more entertaining than we may, and rides it and a handful of other limp metaphors very hard. He repeats himself rather complacently, as if nagging at his students, and he comments on his own usage in some fussy footnotes. He worries about *cops*, for instance, which some dictionaries call slang or informal. "*Police* and *policemen* seemed too stuffy for my needs here. How did it strike you? Too unbuttoned?" Nice of him to ask, but unwise. *Cops* is fine, but *unbuttoned* is awful, an affectation of easy youthfulness.

Van Wilson's discoveries will not surprise you. You would have to have been asleep to think some of these points were worth making. People swear more than they used to. Swearing is more freely tolerated. Dictionaries are big business. Regional accents are fading, and people speak more and more similarly. This is – with fur it – perhaps the effect of social mobility and television. In language as elsewhere, old folks resist change while young folks try to speed it up, and middle-aged folks dither. The battle between linguistic generations – this is one of Wilson's bolder claims – is a greater battle than the one between the sexes.

If this were all the book said or suggested we could let it go as an amiable academic ramble. But there are other, more interesting things in it: plenty of shrewd and amused sense amid the obviousness; some deeper questions haunting the edges of its argument; a curious hidden agenda. On the subject of language and sexual difference, for example, Wilson is intelligent and informed, and only slightly inclined to *laissez-faire*. He implicitly upends his claim that the battle between the generations is more important, since he has nothing of importance, or even interest, to say about that. He is tolerant and understanding about spelling ("mostly a neuromuscular skill" which you either have or haven't, like a talent for golf or running), picks up some charming errors ("towing the line", "unmitigated gall"), and quotes Veblen's withering comments on conspicuous waste:

> English orthography satisfies all the requirements of the canons of reputability under the law of conspicuous waste. It is archaic, cumbrous, and ineffective; its acquisition consumes much time and effort; failure to acquire it is easy of detection. Therefore it is the first and readiest test of reputability in learning, and conformity to its ritual is indispensable to a blameless scholastic life.

Wilson notes that words like *screw-up* ("a stupid mistake; blunder" – the evasive politeness of dictionaries is a subject in its own right) may help to make *screwing* more respectable, at least linguistically; sees that a *shit list* is no longer obscene (because there are so many of them around?), and that *notorious*, in America, has lost most of its pejorative flavour and means mainly famous or talked about. We shall have to retitle the Hitchcock movie. Racially derogatory terms, Wilson thinks, are very much on the out, a sign that our society is actually becoming less permissive in some areas. His examples from dictionaries show a lunatic caution about such terms. *Honky* is said to be "used esp. by blacks"; and *kike* is "usu. taken to be offensive". That *esp* and that *usu* are wonderful. I suppose it's just possible to imagine a context in which a white might call a white a honky, or in which kike would not be offensive, but you would need to try hard, and you would be very deep in irony.

The haunting questions have to do with the consequences we draw from the argument that language is the measure of us. In another form this is the Sapir–Whorf hypothesis, which holds (in Wilson's paraphrase) that "we must see the world as the grammar of our language organizes it for us". It is clear that our grammar does organize our perception, and that it reflects various ethnocentricities and habits of male dominion. What is not clear is how fully or entirely it organizes our perception, how much room we have left for manoeuvre. If we have none, we cannot get the language we deserve, since the concept of deserving is inapplicable. Wilson is confident that if we change our values our language will change with them, but this is not much more than a truism, and could be taken as an excuse for leaving both language and values alone. Do we want to change our values, and how do we do it? Meanwhile, is there anything we can do with language? Wilson doesn't answer (or ask) the first question, and to the second he answers, quite sensibly, "Only tinker". He is a liberal in language studies, a *describe* rather than *prescribe* man – although he likes dictionaries which discuss usage (*like* as a conjunction, *disinterested* versus *uninterested*, the proper meaning of *enormity*), allowing users themselves to see where they stand and make their choices. To linguistic conservatives he offers the fable of King Canute, and Carlyle's answer to Margaret Fuller's statement that she accepted the universe: "She'd better." Wilson misses, as good liberals often do, the polemical flash and the moral design of the conservative position. Conservatives know they cannot command the sea of change, if it is a sea, and they will run like everyone else when the tide comes in. But they do not see why they should run before it comes in, and they think shouting at the waves is good for the nation's health. They also know that words are not waves, and that there is just a chance they might be able to beat the metaphor. Not much of a chance, but enough to keep a moralist in business.

The hidden agenda of *Rip Van Winkle's Return* doesn't look hidden, it looks like an open debate. But this is where the linguistic liberal turns into the conservative patriot. Wilson is in favour of bilingualism if it means an equal mastery of two languages, but against it in one of his current acceptations: the teaching of Americans in a language or dialect other than standard English. His argument is humane and sound as far as language is concerned. In a bilingual system minority groups will learn less rather than more English; if they have less English they will be more disadvantaged; and the best way to learn a language is not to be shielded from it but to be thrown into it. The assumption here though is that America cannot change and that the rule of the white Anglo-Saxons and their converts is eternal. The melting-pot is still an ideal, and it hears only one tune, which would-be Americans had better learn. What gives Wilson's game away is his endorsement of Teddy Roosevelt's terrible jingoism and his fear of America's becoming "a polyglot boarding-house". Wilson says this image is "by no means silly". Of course it is not silly, it is the eloquent, bullying voice of conformity itself. Wilson panics at this point, forgets all his own reminders about context and our getting the language we deserve, and sees linguistic division as some sort of lethal nightmare, one of the forces behind killings in Belgium, India and Sri Lanka. Is he being disingenuous, or just innocent and over-excited? Does he really not see that the current campaign to make English the only official language of the United States is a bid to shore up an old style of white supremacy, an attempt to pass Canute off as George Washington? Another name for the polyglot boarding-house would be riches or diversity or even democracy if the word were not so covered in fuzz. This is not to say that all languages should not be taught tenderly and well; only to suggest that the boarding-house will be more liveable than the frightened monolingual palace.

Radical wranglings

Julian Moynahan

ERIC HOMBERGER
American Writers and Radical Politics, 1900–39: Equivocal commitments
268pp. Macmillan. £27.50.
0333391764

The American writers covered by Eric Homberger principally are: Jack London and Upton Sinclair, both old-style socialists whose politics acquired edge and point after, in London's case, an investigation by him of the poor of the East End of London, and, in Sinclair's, an exposé which he carried out of the Chicago meat-packing industry; the Greenwich Village intellectual and ideological "playboy" Max Eastman, who moved from Communism to Trotskyism to right-wing conservatism over a long life of activism combined with poetastering; John Reed, the Harvard golden boy who reported the Mexican and Russian revolutions, and in between the two wrote about the Ludlow, Colorado, massacre of striking coal-miners and their families, piling up buried by the Kremlin wall; the critic Edmund Wilson, who turned hard left and then not-so-left during the post-1929 Depression; and, finally, the group of poets known as the Objectivists, consisting of Louis Zukovsky, George Oppen, and Charles Reznikoff, followers of William Carlos Williams.

The radical politics of the title take off from the Social Democratic faith of Eugene V. Debs, who helped to found the American Socialist Party between 1898 and 1901, became its presidential candidate and received a prison sentence for his pacifist stance during the First World War. Homberger discusses the first American Communist writers following the Bolshevik Revolution, together with the many fellow travellers who emerged as Soviet Russia acquired an international cultural influence through the Comintern and such front organizations as Proletkult and the International Union of Revolutionary Writers. However, Trotsky's departure from Russia caused a number of American writers to modify their revolutionary expectations, while the Moscow treason trials disillusioned others. By the end of the 1930s, most liberal and leftist writers had a clear choice to make between reclaiming their independence from Moscow's influence (it had never been total control) or declining into Stalinist hacks. The change in direction of the journal *New Masses* between the two world wars, from a modest liveliness and suppleness to sectarian Communist rigidity, exemplifies the Stalinizing trend. But most writers who had counted themselves radical turned another way, either settling for a diffuse, vaguely Trotskyist revolutionism or reassuming a liberal and humanitarian attitude which had been their original point of departure into radicalism.

Homberger's best case in point is probably Edmund Wilson. The publication of *Axel's Castle*, Wilson's mandarin study of High Modernism and its origins, practically coincided with the Wall Street Crash. Homberger comments with unwonted wit, "It was closing time in Axel's Castle", then quotes Wilson of that time saying, "the private imagination in isolation from the life of society seems to have been exploited and explored as far for the present as possible". Over the next several years Wilson voiced his Marxist beliefs loudly, sometimes in reproof of less radicalized writers such as Archibald MacLeish (whose response was the offer of a punch on the jaw). He also began his studies for *To the Finland Station* (1940), intended to be a massive reconstruction of the cultural, biographical and historical roots of Marxism-Leninism. During the decade in which he wrote it, however, Wilson's social convictions suffered a sea-change: he came to appreciate that the great revolution was the American not the Bolshevik one; that American writing as cultural production could never adulterously ape any European trend, owing to the uniqueness of American language and the ease with which most Americans communicated across only faintly demarcated lines of class, ethnic, educational, and economic difference. In short, by 1940 Wilson had left Marxism-Leninism in the ditch, reverting to New Deal Democrat in his politics and to a free-wheeling Emersonianism in his cultural purview. These shifts justify the final terms of Homberger's title – "equivocal commitments".

The book is well researched, drawing on many primary manuscript sources. Particularly good is the account of several writers' responses to the Ludlow Massacre of 1914, an atrocity apparently plotted by John D. Rockefeller, Jr, and carried out by company associates and state militia. Far less absorbing, though no doubt indispensable to students of the period, are the many pages devoted to the history of writers' organizations, both American and Russian, the interminable wrangling, laying-down of lines, the pressuring and double-dealing which went on at the various conferences and congresses.

There are three appendices, of which the most interesting contains a correspondence between Trotsky and Philip Rabv, editor of the *Partisan Review*, concerning some articles the former might write (he never lived to do so) for the magazine. In the chapter on the Objectivists, Homberger never manages to show us Zukovsky and the others actually as poets, therefore making it difficult to draw lines of connection among aesthetic principles, the poetry itself and the politics of the group.

In a sense, that is the dilemma of the book as a whole. As an American studies specialist, Homberger tries to ride several horses at once, to provide the complex history of a movement, embedding in that history the lives of over a dozen personalities who were writers, and at the same time to give some critical interpretation and judgment of particular writings. The history part works out well; but by and large the writings receive superficial scrutiny.

Iniquity and inequity

David Chandier

GARY HAWES
The Philippine State and the Marcos Regime: The politics of export
196pp. Cornell University Press. £25.50.
0801420128
JAMES HAMILTON-PATERSON
Playing with Water: Passion and solitude on a Philippine Island
280pp. Macmillan. £12.95.
0333447166

Gary Hawes and James Hamilton-Paterson both examine the Philippines in the 1980s, but aside from their clear-headedness they have little in common. Hawes's closely argued study of export crops is build up out of arguments and data. Hamilton-Paterson's more elusive memoir draws on a reservoir of experience and words.

Hawes's title promises more than his book delivers, but the aspects of the economy which he discusses with such skill are certainly crucial to understanding how the Marcos régime worked, and why it came apart. He argues persuasively that even before martial law was declared in 1972, President Marcos and his cronies had undermined the social and economic arrangements that had governed the coconut and sugar industries in the Philippines for over a hundred years. In the process they erect aside a well-entrenched political élite (including some of Corazon Aquino's family). In the 1970s, moreover, the régime encouraged transnational companies to dominate the fruit products industry, in exchange for profit-sharing agreements, anti-union laws and a skilled, underpaid labour force. Behind a façade of technocratic "know-how" that pleased international lending bodies, Marcos and his followers deconstructed the Philippines' export sector, and made tens of millions of dollars for themselves. In the process, gaps between the new rich and the poor grew wider and deeper. When the economy faltered in the early 1980s, the bourgeoisie and, more slowly, the United States turned against Marcos, reopening Philippine politics and the country's badly damaged economy to the rough and tumble that had preceded martial law.

Hawes makes a compelling case that inequities in the Philippines will outlast Mrs Aquino. In his closing pages, he pleads for larger structural changes in the islands than most people familiar with the region would be willing to predict, especially as changes on this scale might well set off a protracted civil war.

In *Playing with Water*, James Hamilton-Paterson tells us, without explaining why, that he has visited the Philippines for three or four months a year since 1979. His book deals with two such sojourns, in 1985 and 1986, when he stayed on a tiny island, "Tiwarik" (Tagalog for "upside down"), just off the coast of what would seem to be Luzon. He spent his time "living alone in the middle of the sea", writing, spear-fishing, and making friends with the people. In writing the book, he has turned a kind of video camera on to his surroundings, in a complex process, engagingly described, of alternately discovering and escaping from himself.

In doing so, he fuses the callings of poetry and journalism which he has followed since the 1960s. As a journalist, he provides a detailed picture of the islands; in a chapter about visiting Manila, he makes many telling political points. At the same time, there is something tentative about the book. Its form derives from its being pushed along by stretches of lyrical writing, rather than by thematic developments. These, in turn, are held in place by ruminations, *à la* Thoreau, about larger themes and about Hamilton-Paterson's early life. Like many British authors, he looks for keys to his middle-aged behaviour in his early adolescence. His parents were both doctors; after a comfortable childhood he was educated at Canterbury and Oxford. He refers repeatedly to conflicts with his father, but these are made to seem touching rather than hurtful. A solitary, quizzical man in his forties is writing about a solitary, quizzical child. We learn almost nothing of the intervening thirty years. This rather cagey self-absorption means that the book is "personal" without being revealing. It is crisply written, however, and Hamilton-Paterson makes a lively, perceptive travelling companion, particularly when he takes us to visit his friends, on the mainland, or goes spear-fishing with them at night.

Neither Hamilton-Paterson nor Hawes has much patience with the upper reaches of Philippine society. Neither offers much comfort, in the long run, to the endearing, impoverished fishermen and their families whom Hamilton-Paterson has befriended. At the same time, both authors are aware of the volatility of Philippine life, which makes the future difficult to predict, and thus provides some basis for optimism, but not much.

Ready for action

Alastair McAuley

MARK FRANKLAND
The Sixth Continent: Russia and Mikhail Gorbachev
292pp. Hamish Hamilton. £12.95.
0241128221
MARTIN McAULEY (Editor)
The Soviet Union Under Gorbachev
247pp. Macmillan. £29.50 (paperback, £9.95).
0333439112
ANN PETTITT (Editor)
D.I.Y. Detente: A guide to meeting people in the Soviet Union
232pp. Quartet. £9.95.
0704326 06X

Mark Frankland may have set out to write a book that explained how Mikhail Gorbachev became general secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union – and thus leader of the world's second superpower. If so, he has failed. He does not provide a coherent account of the steps by which Gorbachev reached his present position; nor does he deal satisfactorily with the more technical shortcomings of the Soviet economy. And he has little to say about foreign policy.

What he has done, however, is to write a book that goes some way towards explaining *why* a man like Gorbachev rose to supreme office. *The Sixth Continent* describes the evolution of Soviet society under Brezhnev and his two ailing successors. It goes beyond the Kremlinological; but it does not focus upon those questions of structure or interest that concern political sociologists. Rather it tries to convey the sort of insight into the country and its politics that one would obtain through letters from a friend.

Frankland has produced a marvellous evocation of Russia, rather than the Soviet Union as a whole. He has drawn on a selection of recent novels, plays and films to add perspective to his picture. In this and other ways, he has managed to capture the depth of feeling that Russians have for their country: he conveys their almost mystical pride in the Russian language and its literature, their identification with the villages, fields and woods of the Russian countryside. He gives the impression that he shares in this pride; he could be mistaken for a Russian nationalist. As a result, he fails to convey any sense of the tensions that come from the fact that the Soviet Union is a multi-ethnic state and that the Russians about whom he writes so lovingly make up little more than half the total population.

The book describes a country that is evolving, a society with dreams and ambitions, led by a political élite with disparate goals. *The Sixth Continent* is particularly perceptive in its analysis of the role of military values in official (and popular) ideology. I can think of few better accounts of the way in which memories of the suffering of 1941–5 and justifiable pride in the role of the Red Army in the defeat of Hitler have intertwined with a (selective) glorification of tsarist military achievement; and of the way in which these ideas have been used to bolster both the concept of modern Soviet patriotism and the priority enjoyed by the military in resource allocation. Frankland paints a suggestive picture of the militarization of Soviet society under Brezhnev. But he also understands that clear limits exist which prevent the armed forces from engaging in autonomous political action: Marshal Ogarkov is unlikely to have the opportunity to play the role of a Jaruzelski.

The militarization of the Soviet political élite was based to some extent on nostalgia, on memories of a shared comradeship in uniform and in defence of party and country. These memories – and their official recognition – contrast with the experiences of those young Soviet men who have fought in Afghanistan. Frankland is particularly good at evoking the social frictions and tension that have resulted from the embarrassed silence which surrounded the so-called peace-keeping force in the Soviet press until about 1985. I am sure that he is right to stress the potential long-term effects of this conflict on Soviet social psychology.

The attitudes of the Brezhnev generation and of disaffected Soviet youth can be contrasted with those of the emerging élite. *The Sixth Continent* paints a vivid portrait of Gorbachev himself, of the passions that seem to drive him and the dreams that inspire him. He is the son of a peasant family that prospered in Stalin's Russia; he is a committed Communist. But he is also a convinced optimist: he believes in the possibility of progress; and he is impatient with the obstacles that institutions sometimes put in his way. It is this that makes him a radical (and it may well be this side to his character that appealed to Mrs Thatcher). Frankland's analysis illuminates a society that remains closed to most people in Britain. To read him is to realize how mistaken are the perceptions of those who claim that the Soviet system is incapable of change.

The Soviet Union under Gorbachev, edited by Martin McAuley, is a collection of papers, mainly by British scholars, that were delivered at a conference held at London University in March 1986. Despite its greater precision, the sense that authorial judgments are based on a more considered knowledge of a wider range of sources, this volume does not communicate the excitement of Gorbachev's Russia or the passions which motivate opponents and supporters of *perestroika* in the way that Mark Frankland's does. That is to say, it is very much intended for students or academic specialists. But it is more reliable where the analysis of economic issues is concerned. It also pays more attention to Soviet foreign policy.

Ann Pettitt was one of the women who organized the march to Greenham Common in 1981. *D. I. Y. Detente* is an account of the attempts that she and like-minded activists have made to extend their direct political action to the Soviet Union. The contributions are written with an immediacy and a candour that convey much of the excitement (and apprehension) that such a venture involves. They give a vivid picture both of Soviet urban society and of the convictions which motivate this section of the peace movement. The advice that the book contains – about how to behave in the Soviet Union if one wishes to make contact with "ordinary Russians" – is almost always sensible. But some of its judgments about social and economic conditions are mistaken: for example, it is not the case that crèches and kindergartens are available to all; in fact, only between half and two-thirds of Soviet children are accommodated in pre-school child-care facilities. And I would not regard the "minimal packaging" of products in Soviet stores as something to commend: too often the purchaser arrives home with an inedible mess in the bottom of the shopping bag.

Between extremes

Malcolm Yapp

DAVID K. SHIPLER
Arab and Jew: Wounded spirits in a promised land
595pp. Bloomsbury. £17.95.
0747500371
DAVID SMITH
Prisoners of God: The modern-day conflict of Arab and Jew
256pp. Quartet. £12.95.
0704326078

The publication of two more substantial books about the relations of the five or six million people now living within the borders of what was once Mandatory Palestine will increase their claims to be the most overstudied people in the world. Nevertheless, both *Arab and Jew* and *Prisoners of God* are interesting books and David Shipler is especially perceptive. In *Arab and Jew* he explores the images which the Israeli Jewish and Palestinian Arab communities have of each other. To the Jews the Arabs are violent, undisciplined, primitive, oversexed and verging on the subhuman. To the Arabs the Jews are violent, untrustworthy, grasping and verging on the superhuman. As he suggests, these ideas of each other serve to keep the communities apart and are intended to do so; it is much easier to hate someone who seems wholly different from oneself. In fact, as he also demonstrates, many Jews and many Arabs have much less hostile attitudes to one another. However, it is the images of the extremists which tend to impose themselves on the communities as a whole.

Upon examination these views prove to be much the same as those historically held of each other by innumerable communities around the world. There is a similarity to the representations of Muslims devised by early Christians in order to protect their communities from corruption by the temptations of the culture of the invaders. They may also be compared with Muslim ideas of Westerners in Britain today, and with British attitudes to Irishmen and people of West Indian origin. The story which Shipler tells is no more than the usual mixture of tolerance and bigotry, the commonplaces of loves and hatreds, the conventions of kindness and cruelty which are the staple fare of two peoples obliged to share the same territory.

Like most other communities in a similar predicament, Israeli Jews and Palestinian Arabs do not want to share the same territory; each cherishes the hope of a future in which the other has disappeared from the land and, in the meantime, some already deny the claim of the other community to exist. "Who are the Palestinians?" asked one Jewish fundamentalist quoted by David Smith. "They have no credentials." Interestingly, a large proportion of Israeli Arabs today appear to be ready to abandon the Palestinian identity and to settle, were it obtainable, for full Israeli citizenship. In the territories occupied by Israel in 1967, however, attitudes are very different. There the Palestinian identity is strongly felt and proclaimed and the PLO is dominant. Yet changes appear to be in progress even on the West Bank. "We do not have the heart or stomach for this occupation", one Arab from Hebron remarked to Smith. And some Arabs, like Sari Nusseibeh, are prepared to contemplate radical solutions: to persuade Israel to annex the West Bank, to press for equality within the new State, perhaps to pin their faith in the celebrated demographic clock inexorably ticking towards an Arab majority. As these books show, the region has not stood still since 1967, although few of the changes have been those which were intended or planned by anyone.

These two books have the special merits of good journalism: the eye and the pen for the personality, the story, even the phrase which sums up an episode, a movement or an attitude. Among Shipler's many pen-portraits is one which highlights the universal elements in the Arab–Israeli problem. It is the story of an Arab who sought integration within Israel, married a Jewess and converted to Judaism. "I like the Arabs and I like the Jews", he said. "I like any man who doesn't hurt me."

How far did the Reformation go?

Kevin Sharpe

ANDREW PETTEGREE
Foreign Protestant Communities in Sixteenth-Century London
329pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £27.50.
0 19 822938 0

NICHOLAS TYACKE
Anti-Calvinists: The rise of English Arminianism, c. 1590–1640
305pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £30.
0 19 822939 9

It is easy to agree about the importance of the Church of England after the Henrician Reformation but hard for historians, as for contemporaries, to agree about what it was. Andrew Pettegree's book reminds us that in an important sense it was never purely English, for from 1540 many refugees from religious persecution in France and the Low Countries came to England to preserve their faith while they plied their trade. The stranger Churches established in London formed the core of a foreign community of skilled workers – printers, coopers, weavers and cloth-workers – protected from popular xenophobia by Tudor governments interested in promoting projects, skills and especially the new luxury crafts. In the heady atmosphere of religious reform, the foreign Churches were granted extraordinary privileges; and with the leader of the Dutch congregations, John Lasco, being close to Cranmer, the staunchly Protestant community acted as "a constant spur to further reformation in the English church itself". The social discipline and welfare dispensed by the consistory presented a model of Calvin's holy commonwealth in a terrestrial sphere.

But the English Reformation never went as far as the Continental. Even the 1552 Prayer Book, with its retention of clerical vestments and kneeling, was a defeat for the radicals; and when the stranger Churches were re-established after 1559, Elizabeth and Cecil showed no inclination to allow them the independence and influence they had enjoyed in 1540. The Churches still played a vital role in the history of the Continental and especially the Dutch Reformation: providing a sanctuary during the dark days of Alva, sending pamphlets, money and ministers back after the Pacification of Ghent. But on the Church of a queen who "had no intention of bowing to pressure to conform to continental models", their impact was modest.

As the "first attempt to assess the impact of the refugee movement on English society and on the Reformation in England and on the continent", Pettegree's book is an impressive achievement and a skilful reconstruction from sometimes intractable materials. The style, awkward at times, betrays a recent thesis; the discussion of the French communities is less satisfactory than that of the Dutch; nor has Pettegree taken the opportunity to reflect more imaginatively on the experience and perceptions of an alien community in early modern London, his chapter on the foreign community being the most wooden. But the core religious chapters offer important revisions and reminders. Pettegree stresses that it was Bucer, Zwingli and Bullinger rather than Calvin who had most influence on Lasco and on a Dutch community that always retained a certain independence from Geneva. It was not only Elizabeth who castigated the "zealots of predestination": Lasco himself could not accept the doctrine in all its severity. If the final influence of the strangers on the English Reformation was "modest" that of Calvin was perhaps even more so.

With Nicholas Tyacke we find ourselves in a very different Church of England. Over the past fifteen years, Tyacke has argued that there was a Calvinist consensus in the Elizabethan Church that was only challenged by the rise of Laud and the Arminians in the 1620s and 30s. In *Anti-Calvinists*, the book of the thesis in which the argument was first expounded, Tyacke argues that the emerging challenge to Calvinism in the universities was firmly checked under James I, who at the Hampton Court conference and, via his delegates, at the Synod of Dort, asserted his own Calvinist orthodoxy. With the succession of Charles I, the Arminians came to hold the best bishoprics and deaneries and ruptured the peace of the Church and in consequence of the realm.

Anti-Calvinists offers some illuminating detail and rich suggestions: the accounts of Hampton Court and the York House conference are valuable; the discussion of lay and especially parliamentary attitudes to the controversies adds a vital dimension; a sense of the international context (on which more work is still needed) is helpful; the recognition of the *laissez-faire* attitudes to conformity of Laud's predecessor and the resurgent clericalism of the 1630s place the doctrinal issues in a broader, perhaps more important perspective.

But with the central argument there are a multitude of problems and inconsistencies. Tyacke's conclusions concerning men's religious beliefs are at times founded on a too simple reading of equivocal words or a too uncritical reliance on authors with axes to grind, such as Prynne or Heylyn. James I, presented as an orthodox Calvinist, appears oddly when he fails to support the cause, defending Montagu and denouncing those who would make God the author of sin. Tyacke acknowledges that the Thirty-Nine Articles "as regards Arminianism . . . were not clear cut", and sees the Earl of Pembroke's willingness to abide by them as "moderate", yet he denounces royal proclamations reasserting them (even in language founded on them) as part of an Arminian coup. The possible connections between doctrinal and liturgical preferences are well brought out, but the Calvinist communicants are passed over. With regard to the position of the altar, the 1640 canons are misunderstood.

Most seriously, Tyacke's use of the word "Calvinist" is vague and problematic, not least because he neglects the influence of other reformers. Because of his need to embrace almost all within the label of Calvinist, he finds himself talking of "moderate" Calvinists and "defectors" from the Calvinist camp. Words such as "elect" or "predestined", employed by most Protestants, are sufficient to classify men as Calvinists and double predestinarians. In recent years, the work of Harry Porter, Peter White, John Platt and Peter Lake has offered a subtler picture of the doctrinal spectrum, and because Tyacke does not engage with their arguments it must be said of his thesis, for all its valuable detail, that like Laud himself it has been overcome by events.

Roots and shoots of Protestantism

Heiko A. Oberman

W. P. STEPHENS
The Theology of Huldrych Zwingli
348pp. Oxford University Press. £27.50.
0 19 826677 4

T. H. L. PARKER
Calvin's Old Testament Commentaries
239pp. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. £14.95.
0 567 09365 4

CARLOS M. N. EIRE
War against the Idols: The Reformation of worship from Erasmus to Calvin
325pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50.
0 521 30685 X

The Theology of Huldrych Zwingli by W. P. Stephens was written with the intention of honouring the 500th anniversary of the birth, in 1484, of the Swiss priest who became, as much as Martin Luther, a leader of the first generation of reformers, inspiring the iconoclastic destruction of pious images and influencing also the development of John Calvin's ideas.

There can be no question about the industry and competence of Mr Stephens; he is widely read in Zwingli's writings, having traced the developments from the first letters to the last treatises, and he has a firm grasp of the secondary literature, particularly of Zwingli research in Switzerland and Germany. The problem with his book lies not in what the author has actually done, but in his failure to achieve his stated goal, namely "to see Zwingli in his own terms, but also in the context of his life and times".

In his first fifty pages Stephens outlines Zwingli's life, with some attention to his scholastic training in the *via antiqua*, his enthusiasm for Erasmian humanism and his conflict with the Zürich spokesmen over what Stephens calls "the more radical reformation", whose representatives he refers to indiscriminately throughout as "the radicals". But, for a better understanding of the implications of Zwingli's scholarly encounters, and for the social and economic conditions which made the "radical" issue of tithing so politically explosive, we are referred to footnotes – which indeed always list the appropriate literature. Once this sketch is completed, it is set aside. Stephens is interested only in Zwingli's own writings, and never quotes, even in the footnotes, other primary sources. Zwingli's opponents – including his much-discussed contemporary, Luther – thus remain faceless and voiceless. The bulk of the book, some 250 pages, is dedicated to a careful résumé of Zwingli's writings, divided up under a number of headings central for theology, ranging from the Bible, the Trinity and Salvation to the Sacraments, the Church and the State. The connecting text betrays Stephens's anxiety to combine quotations from his card file, so that at times two lines of argument are pressed into one sentence – which then becomes so convoluted as to obscure Zwingli's own lucidity. The case of the Eucharist illustrates this difficulty: "the historical and transcendent elements of the Christian life are expressed in the need for us to lift our eyes to Christ in heaven, something in fact which the Spirit does".

This form of record allows the author to present Zwingli "in his own terms"; but in such a way that, though we hear a lot about the theology of the State, we are not enabled to grasp how this relates to the political realities of life in Zürich, to Zwingli's Swiss strategy, his secret correspondence with Philip of Hesse and the intrigues that led to his death on the battlefield at Kappel in 1531. The reader concerned with either part of Staphens's intended enterprise would be well advised to continue consulting the late G. R. Potter's *Zwingli* (reviewed in the *TLS*, March 4, 1977) for the life, and G. W. Locher's *Zwingli's Thought* (1981) for his theology.

Though "delightful" is not an internationally acknowledged academic epithet of evaluation, that is exactly the sensation with which one closes T. H. L. Parker's latest book, *Calvin's Old Testament Commentaries*. The title is misleading in that the author treats not only the Old Testament commentaries, but also Calvin's lectures and sermons. The book is written with a fine double sensitivity to Calvin's audience and to Parker's own readership such as to transform a solid scholarly work into an excellent introduction to the set of mind and working habits of the Genevan reformer. While international Calvin scholarship increasingly pursues the social history of the Genevan Reformation, Parker secures and enlarges the basis for this necessary quest. It would be too much to say that a very different man from the Calvin of the *Institutes* – emerges before our mind's eye. What Parker makes quite clear, however, is that only by studying the commentaries, the lectures and the sermons is one enabled to discern in the *Institutes*, that handbook for ministerial candidates – Calvin's individual cast of character and his personal warmth.

After presenting all the known data about the different audiences of the three interrelated genres – commentaries for the learned world, lectures for the boy students and sermons for the adult congregation in Geneva – Parker analyses some of the major themes of Calvin's theology. Without ever circumventing problematical tenets, he discusses principles of interpretation, the potential in Calvinism for fundamentalism, Calvin's view of the Church, the doctrine of election and predestination, the theme of the covenant and Calvin's vision of the end of time. The author manages to present Calvin's views without falling into the usual pits: apologetic, "in-group" hagiography or the condescending superiority of the modern, emancipated scholar, who finds it painful to recount the credulous mistakes of the past. With respect for what Calvin was trying to do, and with a keen eye for those points on which the Genevan reformer advanced biblical scholarship, Parker is nevertheless not slow to note where Calvin's views of biblical truth were time-bound and prove today to be questionable. This book eminently illustrates the fact that a slender volume does not have to be slight.

Far less positive is the picture of Calvin which emerges from Carlos M. N. Eire's *War against the Idols*. Here the reformer appears as the mastermind of iconoclasm, transforming a spontaneous popular protest movement into a forbidding ideology of social control and spiritual uniformity. Whereas Parker has shown Calvin to be "a bundle of contradictions", for Eire there exists no such unclarity; at the centre of Calvin's thought stands a "transcendental metaphysics" from which evolves with absolute necessity everything he says, thinks and does.

Indeed, after a first perusal of the book one might be tempted to lay it aside – to one's own detriment. The temptation derives partly from the fact that the philological underpinnings are not always sound. A crucial passage in Erasmus's famous report on the iconoclastic outbreak in Basle before his secret departure in 1529 to Freiburg is rendered incorrectly, and key phrases in the German pamphlet literature are wrongly translated; for instance, *Buberei* becomes "foolishness", whereas it actually suggests "villainy" (Latin: *nibaldia*). Particularly in the first part, footnotes list superfluous bibliographical references, or are used to dismiss in imperious half-sentences well-documented arguments by experts in the field. Most seriously, by pushing the thesis of the transcendence of God, supported by "transcendentalist hermeneutics", Eire transforms Calvin – without any reference to his scholastic roots – into a kind of Neoplatonist that the reformer both abhorred and combated.

Reading on, however, one must grant that Eire paints on a large canvas in order to tell for the first time the whole story of iconoclasm. Following a characterization of late medieval popular religion, he moves to Erasmus's critique of piety at that time, then to the breaking of the first images in Wittenberg under Karlstadt's influence, and on to the views and actions of Zwingli, Bullinger and Bucer; after a short glance at Berne, Basle and Neuchâtel in the years 1527–36, we are introduced to Lefèvre d'Etaples, whom Eire considers Calvin's "godfather". The best chapter treats Calvin's attack on the so-called "Nicodemites", who, though reformed in heart and mind, continued to attend mass, and were therefore, from Calvin's standpoint, cowards unwilling to break with "papist idolatry" out of fear of persecution. But Eire is not finished: a broad impact of Calvinism on Western culture is suggested, and Calvinism paired with Marxism as a revolutionary theory, to represent two different expressions of the same "rebel mentality".

Though one may quarrel with this interpretation, the author has made an important contribution. Iconoclasm has long been regarded merely as an unfortunate early outburst, a side-effect as it were of the Reformation in the cities. Eire has now raised it to the level of those other basic tenets which marked both the liberating strength and the disciplining rigour of the reformed tradition. Despite its flaws, *War against the Idols* succeeds in relating the sweeping story of the iconoclastic revolt against "medieval superstition" and "idolatry", with proper daring and with the Yale gift for turning a phrase.

The collection of essays *Wyclif in His Times* (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 174pp. £19.50. 0 19 820088 9), edited by Anthony Kenny and based on a series of commemorative lectures, brings together contributors from a wide range of faculties to celebrate Wyclif as one of the foremost thinkers of Medieval England. In his essay "Wyclif, the Bible and Transubstantiation" Maurice Keen traces Wyclif's thought from "radical critic of his contemporary church, into . . . a heresiarch", Anthony Kenny considers Wyclif's reputation in the Counter-Reformation.

Planting out America

Ray Desmond

HENRY SAVAGE, Jr, and ELIZABETH J. SAVAGE
André and François Michaux
435pp. Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press. $27.50.
0813911079

Henry and Elizabeth J. Savage's *André and François Michaux* is the first extensive biography of the two men who laid the foundations of modern forestry practice in the United States. André Michaux (1746–1802) succeeded his father as manager of a royal farm at Versailles. As a young man, he studied botany under Lemonnier and Bernard de Jussieu and gathered specimens in the Auvergne with Thouin and Lamarck – an excellent apprenticeship for a future plant collector. Keen to travel, he successfully petitioned to be allowed to accompany the French consul to Baghdad in 1782 and got as far as Persia. On his return in 1785 with an impressive harvest of plants, the government decided to send him to North America to collect plants on its behalf and, in particular, to select trees suitable for ships' timbers.

His first task was to establish a nursery in New York where plants could be propagated before dispatch to France. Once this was done he visited Mount Vernon to present George Washington with plants for his garden and soon established cordial relations with William Bartram, the doyen of American plant collectors, who gave him seeds and advice on suitable collecting localities.

Accompanied by his fifteen-year-old son François, with provisions loaded on a two-wheeled cart which he frequently had to pull himself, he travelled to Carolina, where he started a second nursery at Charleston. Michaux *père* was a model plant collector, adapting easily to a solitary life and stoical in the face of dangers and disappointments. In his diary he carefully noted not only vegetation but also geology, along with the accessibility of the area's rivers and roads, and mentioned with characteristic understatement some of the hazards of his travels. His description of plant localities was extremely precise (one of them enabled C. S. Sargent of Harvard to rediscover *Shortia galacifolia* on the mountainside in Carolina where Michaux had seen it nearly a century earlier). On his return to New York he shipped to France not only the seeds collected on this expedition but also a box containing, as his diary records, "about thirty-five different species and a great quantity of a very pretty shrub called *Fothergilla*". This traffic in plants was a reciprocal affair. During his time in North America Michaux obtained seeds and plants from Europe and from ships engaged in trade in the East. These he naturalized in his nurseries – among them the maidenhair tree, the silk tree and *Lagerstroemia indica*, all of which he introduced to American gardens.

As hostile Indians prevented his return to Carolina, Michaux journeyed to Florida in 1788 and reported on his return that the trip had been "very successful in the large number of new and rare plants procured". After sending his son back to France, Michaux made a brief expedition to the Georgia coast and Cumberland Island, where he discovered the reputed quinine substitute *Pinckneya pubens*, originally found by the Bartrams in 1765. In 1792, despite instructions from his superiors in Paris to restrict his travelling, he set out with three Indians and an interpreter to Hudson's Bay. Although he was prevented from reaching the Bay by the onset of winter, he nevertheless collected a number of new plants and, furthermore, established the northern limits of forestation.

With his future as an official French plant collector appearing uncertain, he proposed to the American Philosophical Society an expedition to the source of the Missouri River and even westwards to the Pacific, which would gather data on topography, inhabitants, fauna and flora. This fact-finding mission had been endorsed by the Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, when Edward Genet, the first diplomat to the United States from the new French Republic, appeared on the scene. One of Genet's objectives was the liberation of Louisiana from Spanish control, and Michaux, an experienced traveller with a fluent command of English, was eminently qualified to be his agent with the American frontier leaders whose active support Genet was soliciting. Always a loyal Frenchman, Michaux could not refuse this commission; he abandoned his ambitious journey to the West and instead went to Kentucky on the political mission. When Genet was recalled to France, Michaux lost no time in embarking on a year-long expedition across the old Northwest Territory to the Mississippi. This was his last botanical foray; in 1796, after eleven arduous years in America with meagre financial support from the French government, he escorted his collections to France. But once there, public acclaim of his achievements was soured for him by the discovery that comparatively few of the trees he had shipped across the Atlantic had survived in cultivation. He found consolation in writing his *Histoire des chênes de l'Amérique septentrionale* and *Flora Boreali-Americana*, the first comprehensive flora of eastern America. But before either book was published he had joined Nicolas Baudin's expedition to Australia as a naturalist and died in Madagascar in 1802.

François Michaux supervised the publication of his father's works and returned to the United States in 1801 with presentation copies of the *Histoire des chênes*. He was especially interested in the economic potential of American forests and devoted his energies to ensuring a regular supply of seeds and seedlings of forest trees to French nurseries. His botanical expeditions were recounted in *Voyage à l'ouest des monts Alléghanys* (1804), a book that is also valuable for his observations on the American pioneer. The three volumes that comprise his *Histoire des arbres forestiers de l'Amérique septentrionale* (1810–13) provide the first authoritative account of American forest trees.

Henry and Elizabeth J. Savage have searched diligently in the archives of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia and several national repositories in Paris. It is a pity, though, that they failed to include a map delineating the botanists' travels.

All too human

John A. C. Greppin

ALEXANDER F. SKUTCH
A Naturalist Amid Tropical Splendor
232pp. University of Iowa Press. $22.50.
087745163X

Helpers at Birds' Nests: A worldwide survey of co-operative breeding and related behavior
298pp. University of Iowa Press. $25.
0877451508

A Naturalist Amid Tropical Splendor is a collection of twenty-seven diverse essays, most of which deal with an aspect of the behaviour of specific tropical American birds (among them the Slaty castlebuilder, Scaly-breasted hummingbird, Oriole-blackbird, Montezuma oropendola, Long-tailed silky-flycatcher, Black-capped donacobius); two essays are specifically of a botanical nature, one dealing with climbing ferns, the other on the flower of the Hairy birthwort; finally there are eleven brief essays reflecting Alexander F. Skutch's well-known religious and philosophical views which will be of interest only to the few.

Detailed though not complicated, his discussions of birds are largely accessible to the amateur, since Skutch uses little jargon, and does not overburden us with technicalities. If there is a continuing fault it is his garrulity: he does, however, provide an adequate density of information. Take the Queo: Skutch says he comes upon this species infrequently, for they are cautious birds that skulk in leafy cover. But he enjoys their song (male and female will sing duets) and he is interested in how they gather food (foraging for beetles and at least four different types of seeds); and he discusses the behaviour of their young, who walk the forest floor with their parent, not scrambling under leaves themselves, but waiting for what is provided for them. All this is hardly scientific, yet it does hold our interest, both because of the curiousness of the behaviour he chooses to describe, and for his obvious enthusiasm. He takes a more detailed interest in the taxonomical position of the Queo (so called after its song): it is not, he pronounces, related to the Ovenbird, but rather to the Tanager thrush, a loose *ad hoc* grouping. The number of primary feathers (nine) is discussed but discarded as not conclusive, as is the colour (red) of the nestlings' open mouths. He concludes that the Queo is, like the Donacobius, a unique bird which does not fit easily into any avian family.

Skutch's range is wide; he discusses the song of the Blue-and-white mockingbird, for it is the quickest way to distinguish the male from the female; he expresses his surprise that the beak of a curious Hummingbird called the Purple-crowned fairy can penetrate the thick pod of the poró flower; and he reveals with pleasure the various affectionate actions of the White-tipped dove, which will nibble the feathers of his spouse's neck. In many of these observations Skutch seems to forget that he is dealing with birds, not people, and his avian species are invested with resoundingly human characteristics – especially when nest-building is described (*Helpers at Birds Nests* summarizes his thoughts on the subject in fifty brief chapters on at least as many birds). Then the monogamous behaviour, especially of the non-migratory tropical birds, elicits cloyingly moral approval. Skutch's personality intrudes persistently in his writing, and we are made as much aware of him as of the birds he writes about. He took a doctorate in botany from Johns Hopkins University in 1928, with a dissertation on the banana leaf. He soon returned to Central America (Guatemala and then Costa Rica) and earned a precarious living collecting specimens and as a subsistence farmer while focusing on his new passion, birds and their nesting habits.

His philosophical and religious musings are the only disappointment of the book. They are unsystematic and errant. He has plucked through such Eastern religions as Jainism and Buddhism, not to get a deep understanding of them, but to mine from those philosophies support for his own views. Skutch's grasp of Jainism is about as profound as a Mayan Indian's understanding of Christianity.

But one can largely skip these indulgent chapters – the rewards of Skutch are his essays on birds, the results of his persistent observations derived from long hours and days of field study.

Grand eccentrics

Ruth Isabel Ross

PENELOPE HOBHOUSE
The Private Gardens of England
224pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £20.
0297790080

It is hard to know what to expect from a book entitled *The Private Gardens of England*. Will it contain descriptions of long thin plots in North Oxford bordered with lush clematis, or mini-paradises in Parsons Green, or fat rows of leeks in Lancashire? In fact, none of these, or anything like them, is included in the book, which is large and glossy, and given over entirely to gardens on a grand scale. As such it is excellent. Penelope Hobhouse's knowledgeable, well-written text provides a first-class record of English great gardens in 1986 which, judging by Hugh Palmer's sumptuous photographs, seem to have reached their peak of perfection at this moment. The threefold influences of William Robinson, Gertrude Jekyll and Vita Sackville-West pervade; so there are many woodland and water gardens, double borders planned with immense skill, yew and box carefully used to make outdoor rooms full of plants, and with the occasional classical statue.

There are several strikingly eccentric gardens, among them that at Sezincote, a fascinating oriental conception for both house and garden. Its atmosphere is well caught here. We are advised to walk upward from the lower stream; then we will see the rills, the three-headed snake fountain and, at the top, the temple of Surya. There is a faithful coloured photograph of part of the golden-toned house and of the orangery's scalloped arches. Another unusual garden is Tresco Abbey, with its tropical plants. There are canopies of tree ferns looking, in black and white, like fan-vaulting in a fifteenth-century church; and there is an arresting view of date palms and cacti bordering steps up to a ragged statue of Neptune. The illustrations excellently convey the riot of spiky and succulent plants. Though, for once, the tireless Mrs Hobhouse seems faint-hearted: "Sometimes the profusion is almost daunting", she writes, and "the orderly mind craves group planting not for visual satisfaction but for simpler classification". Even more eccentric is Levens Hall, in Cumbria, with its famous yew and box topiary that takes three gardeners three months to clip. There are photographs here of the lean old house looming up behind dark yew clumps, and of the beech alley with its tortuous Arthur Rackham trees.

Mrs Hobhouse writes at length about the complicated garden at Sutton House. Much of this is still immature and represents mean's journey through life. The lake landscape is Creation, the gardens round the house are the Life of Man, while, at the end of a dark wood, Ben Nicholson's white marble wall represents Aspiration. All this fits into an established garden and park. Most of the gardens, though, have no moral meaning whatever; they are planned to give pleasure; herbaceous borders billow in loose blocks of harmonizing colours, trees, carefully underplanted, spread leafy branches over calm ponds, and classical statues are silhouetted against dark oak and yew.

Leafy legends

John Buxton

GEOFFREY GRIGSON
The Englishman's Flora
478pp. Dent. £25.
0460070071X

It is good to welcome the reissue of the best-tempered book that Geoffrey Grigson ever wrote. His widow, in a foreword to this edition, quotes a revealing comment by him: "I hated and was trying to exorcise hatred, of which the object was myself, projected though it was on so many things all around me", among which plants would not have been included. This goes far to excuse "the old surpuss" who seldom had a charitable judgment on a reviewer. But a man who delights in flowers, especially in the wild flowers of his native country, can hardly always remain dyspeptic, especially when his wife is well known as a cook.

The Englishman's Flora explores, through local names, poetry, medicinal uses and witchcraft, man's relations to plants in these islands: it is therefore a work of scholarship and of imagination, which provides a fascinating hodge-podge of unusual information, especially of local names and folklore. Here one will first look at plants with well-known legendary associations: mistletoe, a mysterious parasite whose leaves are still green when those of the host, apple or pear or poplar, have fallen; Frazer's golden bough grew on the oak, the tree which seems to attract lightning and so was sacred to the Indo-European god of thunder. And holly, "of all the trees that are in the wood, the holly bears the crown" and according to Parkinson will defend the house into which it is brought (as at Christmas, with mistletoe) from being struck by lightning.

There are many pleasures in this book, with its handsome illustrations, for anyone who has enjoyed seeing or smelling or tasting our wild plants. There is the pleasure of remembering wearing a sprig of oak, with an oak-apple if we could find one on May 29 in memory of the Restoration of King Charles, who had taken shelter after the battle of Worcester in the Boscobel Oak; there are the pleasures of remembered Christmas holidays, with garlands of holly and sprays of mistletoe under which (before we had heard of an aphrodisiac) we were expected to kiss some elderly female relation.

Out of town

Pamela Horn

HOWARD NEWBY
Country Life: A social history of rural England
250pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £14.95.
0297 79063 3

Country Life is an ambitious project, which seeks to trace the course of events in rural England from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present day. Also included is a brief survey of feudal society. With such a broad canvas, Howard Newby has inevitably had to be selective and the bulk of the book is devoted to an assessment of general agricultural trends in the period and the effect that they had on landowners, farmers and workers. Such issues as agrarian improvement, enclosure, the various phases of agricultural depression, pressure for land reform, and the growth of rural trade unionism are all covered. (Though the attempt to summarize in under five pages the complex issues of Victorian land agitation in Ireland, Scotland and Wales fits unevenly into a work which in other respects is concerned only with the English scene.) In the latter part of the book much attention is devoted to the increasing importance of the State in moulding and directing agricultural activity. Newby sees this as "promoting a highly capitalized farming industry" and encouraging the growth of "agribusiness companies". The efforts of environmentalists to counter these trends and the pressures of urbanization and suburbanization on community life are likewise recounted. The final chapter is entitled, appropriately enough, "The Eclipse of the Rural World".

This is a factual account of agrarian change over the period and, as such, serves a useful purpose in informing the general reader; it is based on secondary sources (a brief bibliography appears at the back) and it includes no footnotes. However, the author's reference to differing interpretations by academic historians on such issues as enclosure is less likely to appeal to the non-specialist reader unfamiliar with the background to these scholarly arguments, as is his rather flat prose. A more serious criticism is that the contribution made by rural craftsmen, traders and professional people to community life is ignored by Newby, as is that of women – either as housewives and domestic servants, or in outdoor employment. Family dietaries and the details of home life – be it in manor, farmhouse or cottage – are not covered. Nor is any attempt made to allow the people to community life is ignored by Newby, as is that of women – either as housewives and craftsmen or correspondence. The wider cultural and social activities of the village community are also minimized. It seems ironic that the female role should be so neglected in a book whose dust-cover illustration depicts a woman at work.

Small factual errors have occasionally crept in. For example, the Board of Agriculture established in 1793 did not continue an unbroken existence until 1920. The first Board was wound up in 1822, and its successor only appeared in 1889, during the "agricultural depression". The date of the abolition of the stamp duty on newspapers was 1855 and not 1885, while Welwyn Garden City was constructed after, not before, the First World War. Overall, though, Howard Newby has written a clear account of the principal events which affected agriculture and agriculturalists from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries.

A recent addition to the Batsford Local History Series is *Record Sources for Local History* by Philip Riden (253pp. Batsford. £17.95; paperback, £9.95. 0 7134 4726 5). The book provides a chronological account of the growth of local and central government archives from the eleventh century to the present and, in addition, as the author explains in his preface, "a guide to classes of the public records which can be searched reasonably expeditiously and profitably for local studies".

TLS Listings

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Cambridge UP / Rome: Edizioni dell'Ateneo. 433pp., illus. £75/$150. 0 521 32022 4. 23/7/87.

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Cambridge UP. 145pp., illus. £25/$39.50. 0 521 32923 X. 6/8/87.

Art

Bell, Clive Art (1st pub 1914)
Oxford UP. 318pp. £5.95 (paperback). 0 19 282049 4. 20/8/87.

Horn, Maurice, editor Contemporary Graphic Artists, vol 2: A biographical, bibliographical, and critical guide
Detroit, MI: Gale Research. 288pp., illus. $50. 0 8103 2190 4. 4/87.

Mantt, Nicholas, editor Africa Then: Photographs, 1840–1918
Thames and Hudson. 175pp.; plates. £20. 0 500 54130 2. 24/8/87.

Perrault, Anne H., editor Nature Classics: A catalogue of the E. A. Mellhenny Natural History Collection
Baton Rouge, LA: Friends of the LSU Library. 280pp., illus. £37.95. 0 8071 1363 8. 4/87.

Weston, Edward Color Photography
Tucson: Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona. 36 plates. $15 (hardcover), $8.95 (paperback). 0 938262 14 9 (hc), 0 938262 15 7 (pb).

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Methuen. 318pp., illus. £14.95. 0 413 58770 3. 3/9/87.

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Lanham, MD: Hamilton. 135pp. $17.50 (hardcover), $6.95 (paperback). 0 8191 6329 5 (hc), 0 8191 6330 9 (pb). 9/87.

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Macdonald. 198pp., illus. £10.95. 0 356 14401 1. 20/8/87.

Cunningham, Noble E., Jr In Pursuit of Reason: The life of Thomas Jefferson
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP. 414pp., illus. £23.70/$24.95. 0 8071 1375 1. 7/87.

Frame, Janet To the Is-Land: Autobiography 1
Grafton. 173pp. £3.95 (paperback). 0 586 08585 8. 6/8/87.

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Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP. 348pp. £33.25. 0 8071 1366 2.

Hungerford, T. A. G. Red Rover All Over: An autobiographical collection 1952–1986
Fremantle Arts Centre, 1 Finnerty Street, PO Box 891, Fremantle 6160, Western Australia. 271pp., illus. Aus$16.50 (paperback). 0 949206 12 1. 1/87.

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Fremantle Arts Centre, 1 Finnerty Street, PO Box 891, Fremantle 6060, Western Australia. 239pp. Aus$14.50 (paperback). 0 949206 18 0. 4/87.

MacKenzie, Norman, and Jeanne MacKenzie The Life of H. G. Wells: The time traveller, revised edition
Hogarth. 500pp., illus. £7.95 (paperback). 0 7012 0712 3. 27/8/87.

Mann, Ida The Chase: An autobiography
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New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers UP. 374pp. $29.95. 0 8135 1206 9. 20/8/87.

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Macmillan. 223pp. £29.50. 0 333 37229 8. 27/8/87.

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Leamington Spa: Berg. 422pp. £30. 0 85496 502 5. 28/7/87.

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Ackroyd, Peter Chatterton
Hamish Hamilton. 234pp. £10.95. 0 241 12348 8. 2/8/87.

Ascher, Carol The Flood
Freedom, CA: Crossing. 191pp. $16.95. 0 895942 75.

Bradley, Marion Zimmer Warrior Woman
Century Hutchinson. 205pp. £2.50 (paperback). 0 09 949310 1. 20/8/87.

Carroll, Jonathan Bones of the Moon (Century Fantasy and SF)
Century Hutchinson. 210pp. £9.95. 0 7126 1504 0. 3/9/87.

Davies, Robertson The Deptford Trilogy: Fifth Business; The Manticore; World of Wonders
Viking. 864pp. £14.95/$19.95. 0 670 81790 2. 27/8/87.

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Edinburgh: Polygon. 190pp. £3.95 (paperback). 0 948275 41 3. 7/8/87.

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Grafton. 286pp. £3.95 (paperback). 0 586 08604 8. 6/8/87.

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Poole: Blandford. 192pp., illus. £9.95. 0 7137 1789 0. 7/87.

Kesson, Jessie The White Bird Passes (1st pub 1958)
Hogarth. 159pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 7012 0732 9. 4/87.

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Fremantle Arts Centre, 1 Finnerty Street, PO Box 891, Fremantle 6160, Western Australia. 118pp. Aus$12.95 (paperback). 0 949206 16 4. 5/87.

Maitland, Sara A Book of Spells
Michael Joseph. 174pp. £9.95. 0 7181 2735 2. 1/9/87.

McArdle, J. Ardle Sin Embargo
Odell and Adair, 38 Clarendon Street, Dublin 2. 69?pp. £9.95 (paperback). 1 870489 01 2 (hc), 1 870489 00 4 (pb).

Pinder, Leslie Hell Under the House
Bloomsbury. 183pp. £11.95. 0 7475 0065 7. 20/8/87.

Roth, Joseph Tarabas: A guest on earth
Chatto and Windus. 311pp. £11.95. 0 7011 3212 4. 24/8/87.

Rowley, Christopher Starhammer (Century Fantasy and SF)
Century Hutchinson. 297pp. £11.95. 0 7126 1627 6. 3/9/87.

Shwartz, Susan Heirs to Byzantium Trilogy, book I: Byzantium's Crown
Pan. 254pp. £2.95 (paperback). 0 330 29789 9.

Weldon, Fay The Hearts and Lives of Men
Heinemann. 328pp. £9.95. 0 434 85192 2. 7/9/87.

Fiction in English translation

Breton, André; translated by Mary Ann Caws Mad Love
Lincoln: Nebraska UP. 129pp. £16.65/$17.50. 0 8032 1200 3. 30/6/87.

Gaytisolo, Juan; translated by Helen Lane Landscapes After the Battle
Serpent's Tail. 159pp. £7.95 (paperback). 1 85242 113 4. 15/10/87.

Krleža, Miroslav; translated by Zoro Depolo On the Edge of Reason (Quartet Encounters)
Quartet. 182pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 7043 0025 7. 24/8/87.

Tesson, Shimazaki; translated by William E. Naff Before the Dawn
Honolulu: Hawaii UP. 798pp. $30. 0 8248 0914 9. 22/5/87.

Valenzuela, Luisa; translated by Gregory Rabassa The Lizard's Tail
Serpent's Tail. 280pp. £7.95 (paperback). 1 85242 112 6. 1/10/87.

History, general

Donne, Tom, editor The Writer as Witness: Literature as historical evidence (Historical Studies 16)
Cork UP. 244pp. Ir£18. 0 902561 49 9. 6/87.

Thomson, William P. L. History of Orkney
Edinburgh: Mercat. 321pp., illus. £14.95. 0 901824 82 8. 8/9/87.

History, modern

Adams, Henry History of the United States of America 1809–1817 (1st pub 1880s)
Cambridge UP. 1,436pp. £30. 0 940450 35 6. 13/8/87.

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Methuen. 243pp. £12.95. 0 413 16270 2. 3/9/87.

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Honolulu: Hawaii UP. 529pp., illus. 0 8248 1078 3.

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Gloucester: Sutton / New York: St Martin's. 224pp. £24. 0 312 01211 X. 30/7/87.

Canny, Nicholas From Reformation to Restoration: Ireland 1534–1660 (Helicon History of Ireland)
Helicon, distr by Overseas, Broombridge Road, Dublin 11. 238pp. £8.50/Ir£9.50 (hardcover); £5.50/Ir£6.50 (paperback). 0 86167 062 0 (hc), 0 86167 061 2 (pb). 25/7/87.

Dickson, David New Foundations: Ireland 1660–1800 (Helicon History of Ireland)
Helicon, distr by Overseas, Broombridge Road, Dublin 11. 212pp. £8.50/Ir£9.50 (hardcover); £5.50/Ir£6.50 (paperback). 0 86167 066 3 (hc), 0 86167 065 5 (pb). 24/7/87.

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Oxford: Clarendon. 453pp. £40. 0 19 822882 1. 20/8/87.

Heller, Michel, and Aleksandr Nekrich; translated by Phyllis B. Carlos Utopia in Power: The history of the Soviet Union from 1917 to the present
Century Hutchinson. 877pp. £25 (hardcover). 0 09 153620 1 (hc), 0 09 155621 X (pb). 31/8/87.

McCartney, Donal The Dawning of Democracy: Ireland 1800–1870 (Helicon History of Ireland)
Helicon, distr by Overseas, Broombridge Road, Dublin 11. 229pp. £8.50/Ir£9.50 (hardcover), £5.50/Ir£6.50 (paperback). 0 86167 068 X (hc), 0 86167 067 1 (pb). 25/7/87.

Müller, Detlef K., Fritz Ringer and Brian Simon, editors The Rise of the Modern Educational System: Structural change and social reproduction 1870–1920
Cambridge UP. 364pp. £27.50. 0 521 33001 7. 7/5/87.

Scouloudi, Irene, editor Huguenots in Britain and Their French Background 1550–1800
Macmillan. 248pp. £35. 0 333 39669 3. 30/7/87.

History, contemporary

Sachar, Howard M. A History of Israel, vol 2: From the aftermath of the Yom Kippur war
Oxford UP. 319pp. £19.50/$19.95. 0 19 504386 3. 10/9/87.

History of science

Engelhardt, H. Tristram, Jr, and Arthur L. Caplan, editors Scientific Controversies: Case studies in the resolution and closure of disputes in science and technology
Cambridge UP. 639pp. £35/$59.50 (hardcover), £15/$19.95 (paperback). 0 521 25365 1 (hc), 0 521 27560 1 (pb). 4/6/87.

Language

Ogle, Iona and Peter The Lore and Language of School Children (1st pub 1959)
Oxford UP. 417pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 19 282059 1. 20/8/87.

Law

Goodrich, Peter Legal Discourse: Studies in linguistics, rhetoric and legal analysis
Macmillan. 266pp. £29.50. 0 333 41949 9. 22/6/87.

Literature and criticism

Betsle, Michèle A. Daughters and Lovers: The life and writing of Mary Webb
Middletown, CT: Wesleyan UP. 197pp. $19.95. 0 8195 5140 6.

Bregenhøj, Carsten Rg Veda as the Key to Folklore: An imagery experiment (Danish Folklore Archives: Studies 16 and 17)
Copenhagen: Arnold Busck. 79pp. DKr98.50/$15 (paperback). 87 17 05813 9.

Brook, J. M., editor Dictionary of Literary Biography Year Book: 1986 (A Bruccoli Clark Layman Book)
Detroit, MI: Gale Research. 435pp., illus. $95. 0 8103 2094 0.

Harivel, Lara Workings of the Picaresque in the British Novel
Oslo: Solum Forlag / Atlantic Highlands, NJ: Humanities Press International, distr in UK by Dxford: Lavis. 171pp. £23/$39.95.

Haywood, Eric, editor Dante Readings
Dublin: Irish Academic Press. 150pp. £19.50. 0 7165 2388 4. 4/87.

Kott, Jan; translated by Bolesław Taborski and Edward J. Czerwinski The Eating of the Gods: An interpretation of Greek tragedy
Evanston, IL: Northwestern UP. 214pp. $14.95 (paperback). 0 8101 0745 7. 15/5/87.

Kott, Jan; translated by Daniela Miedzyrzecka and Lillian Vallee The Bottom Translation: Marlowe and Shakespeare and the carnival tradition
Evanston, IL: Northwestern UP. 165pp. $32.95 (hardcover), $14.95 (paperback). 0 8101 0737 6 (hc), 0 8101 0738 4 (pb). 31/5/87.

Milward, Peter, editor Poetry and Faith in the English Renaissance (Renaissance Monographs, 13)
Renaissance Institute, Sophia University, Tokyo. 104pp.

Oppel, Frances Nesbitt Mask and Tragedy: Yeats and Nietzsche 1902–1910
Charlottesville: Virginia UP. 255pp. $24.95. 0 8139 1104 4. 7/7/87.

Phillips, Herbert P. Thai Literature with an Ethnographic Interpretation
Honolulu: Hawaii UP. 391pp. $26. 0 8248 1065 1. 4/6/87.

Puhvel, Jaan Comparative Mythology
Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins UP. 302pp., illus. £21.25. 0 8018 3413 9. 15/6/87.

Salmon, Vivian, and Edwina Burness, editors A Reader in the Language of Shakespearean Drama: Collected essays
Amsterdam: Benjamins. 524pp. Hfl175/$70 (hardcover), Hfl60/$22 (paperback). 0 915027 99 2 (hc), 90 272 4516 9 (pb).

Taylor, Andrew Reading Australian Poetry
Queensland UP, distr by Dent. 218pp. £15.95 (paperback). 0 7022 2062 0. 1/88.

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Hogarth. 319pp. £3.95 (paperback). 7/9/87.

Music

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Hodder and Stoughton. 128pp.; plates. £10.95. 0 340 41440 4. 7/9/87.

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Hanover, NH: New England UP. 396pp., illus. £25.50/$42 (hardcover), £13/$21.50 (paperback). 0 87451 212 3 (hc), 0 87451 405 3 (pb). 22/7/87.

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Oxford UP. 393pp., illus. £6.95 (paperback). 0 19 284017 7. 20/8/87.

Moyle, Richard Tongan Music
Auckland UP / Oxford UP. 256pp., illus. £34. 1 86940 007 0. 6/8/87.

Philosophy

Clarke, E. M.; translated by Richard Howard; introduction by Susan Sontag The Temptation to Exist (Quartet Encounters Series)
Quartet. 222pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 7043 0022 2. 24/8/87.

Roberts, David D. Benedetto Croce and the Uses of Historicism
Berkeley: California UP. 449pp. $30. 0 520 05904 2. 25/9/87.

Poetry

Cookson, William Vestiges
Agenda / Big Little Poem Books, 42 Peaksfield Avenue, Grimsby, South Humberside DN32 9QF. 47pp. £3.00 (paperback). 0 902400 39 8.

Gozo, Yoshimasu A Thousand Steps...and More: Selected poems and prose 1964–1984 (Asian Poetry in Translation: Japan, 8)
Honolulu: Hawaii UP. 178pp. $14.95 (paperback). 0 942668 10 3. 2/10/87.

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Milne, W. S. Two-Three Lines
Agenda / Big Little Poem Books, 42 Peaksfield Avenue, Grimsby, South Humberside DN32 9QF.

Yevtushenko, Yevgeny; translated by Antonina W. Bouis, Albert C. Todd and Yevgeny Yevtushenko Almost at the End
Marion Boyars. 146pp. £10.95 (hardcover). 0 7145 2873 0 (hc), 0 7145 2874 9 (pb). 13/8/87.

Politics

Bates, Robert H. Essays on the Political Economy of Rural Africa (1st pub in US 1983)
Berkeley: California UP. 176pp. $9.95 (paperback). 0 520 06014 8. 1/8/87.

Bush, Ray, Gordon Johnston and David Coates, editors The World Order: Socialist perspectives
Oxford: Polity. 101pp. £27.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 7456 0028 X (hc), 0 7456 0029 8 (pb). 23/7/87.

Rustow, Dankwart A. Turkey: America's forgotten ally
New York: Council on Foreign Relations. 155pp $14.95. 0 87609 023 4.

Taylor, Michael The Possibility of Cooperation (Studies in Rationality and Social Change)
Cambridge UP. 205pp. £25/$39.50 (hardcover), £7.95/$12.95 (paperback). 0 521 32793 8 (hc), 0 521 33940 1 (pb). 13/8/87.

Wilkinson, John C. The Imamate Tradition of Oman (Cambridge Middle East Library)
Cambridge UP. 415pp. £35/$59.50. 0 521 32713 X. 16/7/87.

Psychology and medicine

Andreas-Salomé, Lou; translated by Stanley A. Leavy; introduction by Mary-Kay Wilmers The Freud Journal (Quartet Encounters)
Quartet. 112pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 7043 0022 2. 24/8/87.

Viorst, Judith Necessary Losses
Simon and Schuster. 447pp. £12.95. 0 671 45655 5. 10/9/87.

Social studies

Alvesson, Mats Consensus, Control and Critique: Three paradigms of work organization research
Aldershot: Avebury. 162pp. £18.50. 0 566 05285 7. 27/8/87.

Ely, Peter, and David Denny Social Work in a Multi-Racial Society (Issues in Social Work)
Aldershot: Gower. 231pp. £22.50. 0 566 00939 0. 27/8/87.

Kay, Diana Children in Exile: Private struggles, public lives (Edinburgh Studies in Sociology)
Macmillan. 225pp. £29.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 333 39102 8 (hc), 0 333 39103 4 (pb). 27/8/87.

Robertson, Jenny Abuse Within the Family
Creative, Downwood, Claverton Down, Bath, Avon BA2 6DT. 120pp. £2.95 (paperback). 1 85081 292 6. 7/87.

Rowbottom, Ralph, and David Gillis Organisational Design: The work-levels approach
Aldershot: Gower. 165pp. £19.50. 0 566 05408 6. 13/8/87.

Townsend, Anne Mid-Life Crisis (Help Books)
Creative, Downwood, Claverton Down, Bath, Avon BA2 6DT. 124pp. £2.95 (paperback). 1 85081 290 X. 7/87.

Townsend, Anne Parents and Older Children: When things go wrong (Help Books)
Bath: Creative. 128pp. £2.95 (paperback). 1 85081 291 8. 7/87.

Wagner, Gillian The Chocolate Conscience
Chatto and Windus. 178pp., illus. £18.95. 0 7011 2475 X. 24/8/87.

Theatre, cinema and television

Flanagan, Seamus North; Soldiers; Act of Union; Mary's Men
Marion Boyars. 191pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 7145 2870 6. 13/8/87.

Rogoff, Gordon Theatre Is Not Safe: Theatre criticism 1962–1986
Evanston, IL: Northwestern UP. 290pp. $42.95 (hardcover), $18.95 (paperback). 0 8101 0750 3 (hc), 0 8101 0751 1 (pb). 15/5/87.

Travel

Bolton, David Journey Without End: A voyage through England's Waterways
Methuen. 191pp. £9.95. 0 413 15110 7. 3/9/87.

Thubron, Colin Behind the Wall: A journey through China
Heinemann. 307pp. £10.95. 0 434 77988 1. 14/9/87.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 342

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than September 4. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct – in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 342" on the envelope, should be addressed to The Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on September 11.

1 But not tomorrow. This has taken all my breath;
Then, though you look the same,
There may be something loveller in Love's face in death
As your heart sees it, running back the way we came;
My heart is lame.

2 Want me and take me
For the woman that I am
And not for her that died.
The lovely shit nineteen
I one time was,
And am no more" – she cried.

3 Waiting for the longed-for voice to speak
through the mute telephone, my body grew weak
with the well-known and mortal death, heartbreak.

Competition No 338
Winner: Arnold Hunt

Answers:

1 The stable-boys thud by
Their horses slinging divots at the sky
And with bright hooves
Printing the sodden turf with lucky grooves.
Andrew Young, "Wiltshire Downs".

2 I was a poor groom at thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary, –
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
Shakespeare, *Richard II*, Act V, Scene v.

3 Almanacked, their names live; they

Have slipped their names, and stand at ease,
Or gallop for what must be joy,
And not a fieldglass sees them home,
Or curious stop-watch prophesies:
Only the groom, and the groom's boy,
With bridles in the evening come.
Philip Larkin, "At Grass".

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED